

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

No. XIII.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

PRICE WITH GRATIS SUPPLEMENT TWOPENCE.
STAMPED, 3d.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE WAR.

WHEN we first heard of the attack on Sweaborg, the news was that the place existed no longer. Dundas had burnt it to the roots. Of course, as we hinted last week, this was a gross and ridiculous exaggeration. The place had been bombarded for a couple of days. There were fires there blazing, such as shells invariably cause. But the sea defences were little injured. The squadron had given over attacking, however, and we were left to make the most of what it had done. The country did make the most of it. It crowed and chuckled in a very pardonable state of exultation. While it was in this mood, Sir Charles Napier's first letter appeared—reminding the world, that what had been done was not very great, and that such as it was, it had been done by means which had not been in his (Napier's) power when he commanded last year. The Admiral's motives were twofold. He wanted to discredit the present operation, and he wanted to vindicate himself. A word for the country—two words for himself: such were the results to which he treated us. We choose the subject for comment—not because we are thick-and-thin admirers of Napier, nor because we have any particular wish to under-rate the achievement on which he comments. Indeed, though to keep up an incessant observation of the war, is rational and necessary, to be eager to find faults in its management is essentially un-patriotic. Let us make the best of it. It was by the popular wish that it was entered into. It was by the too-great influence of peace principles and commercial principles, that we entered into it so little prepared.

On Sir Charles Napier and his personal designs in writing these letters, our remarks shall be brief. He is a very brave officer, who fought hard long before the new generation which criticises him was in existence. But there are other officers as brave, and who have seen as much service. Sir Charles has always made the most of his services. He has been his own gazetteer. He has tried to forestall posterity, and to taste the incense of its praise with living nostrils. In one of the Greek epigrams, the writer asks his friends to give him while alive the wine they destined to his funeral ashes. Our Admiral is like that epigrammatist. He is too eager for fame. When, in 1840, he performed good work in the Syrian war—

dashing work, which proved him an original man—he hastened to England to get the start of Admiral Stopford in fame, with an eagerness which disgusted the English Navy. In fact, he is far too fond of popularity. It is honourable to deserve it; it is not honourable to be hankering after it, and to be fretting and fuming for it. The worst aspect of Napier is his political aspect. He tries to get an agitator's position, and that of an established Government admiral at the same time. He praised, at the Reform Club dinner, the squadron which Graham provided for him; and he is now doing his best—not merely to vindicate himself (which is fair enough)—but to blacken the Government altogether. In whatever, then, we say of Sir Charles, in this matter, we are not likely to over-rate him. We are not "taking up the cudgels" for him, but for the country.

It seems that the gun and mortar-boats are *en route* for England from the Baltic. This we take to be tantamount to a conclusion of the campaign. Sweaborg was entirely an affair of gun and mortar boats. Why it should have been so is plain enough. The truth is, that it is not safe to attack land batteries with men-of-war. This is a general principle. The cases which appear to contradict it, in history, are easily disposed of. At Algiers, the enemy were wretched African barbarians, who allowed Lord Exmouth to get within fifty yards, without firing at him. Of course, the result was natural. The south end of the Mole went down before the third broadside of the *Queen Charlotte*. Yet at Algiers the *Impregnable* lost 210 in killed and wounded. On the other hand, at Algiers, the work done by mortar, gun, and rocket boats, was most important. They set on fire every vessel in the harbour, and also many parts of the city. The same remarks may be made of Acre. The firing of batteries was wretched; and the greatest harm done to the enemy was by a shell from the *Gorgon*. These cases teach us—firstly, that even bad land batteries (as at Algiers), do serious harm to ships; secondly, that ships do their worst mischief by shells—which are best employed by mortar-boats.

It is plain, then, that Sir Charles Napier is right in his main proposition,—that it is absurd to blame him for not doing, without means, what Dundas has done with means. Neither of them fought a naval action. Neither of them attacked Sweaborg in the old

style—with broadsides. The navigation does not permit it, for one thing. But the great point is, that Sweaborg is not an Algiers, nor an Acre. The Russians command all the great scientific inventions of the day. Ships which attack these sea-works, must expect shells, red-hot shots, and severe cannonading. Our authorities do not think it worth while to expose our vessels to the risk of this kind of treatment.

At the same time, Sir Charles Napier need not wonder that people laughed at his doing nothing. He boasted at the Reform Club dinner, of the splendid squadron he had under him,—without hinting at its wants. He signalled his squadron to "sharpen their cutlasses," and never went into a position where a cutlass was for a moment required. He played *Boabdil*, and after playing *Boabdil* it is a little ridiculous to fall back upon the rôle of unappreciated merit. The situation is not pathetic. Failure after boasting is only vulgar.

But why have there been such failures? Why had not Sir Charles (waiving the bragging by which he encouraged us to believe that he could do anything), why had he not the necessary number of these much-talked-of gun and mortar boats? If they were not ready, why were they not ready? In the last war, vessels of the kind were in constant employment. Nelson had seven bomb-ships at Copenhagen,—which, according to scientific authorities, were the real causes of the terror which induced the Danes to yield. Exmouth had them at Algiers, as we have seen. They were the causes of the only bits of success we had at the beginning of the Walcheren Expedition.

We make far too much of our big ships. Big ships are terrible objects when they get near enough. But sometimes they cannot get near enough; and, what is worse, now-a-days, our governors do not like them to get near enough! The fact is, that since the last war, the aspect of these matters has changed. What with shells, and the rest of the materials of incendiary war, a big ship is an object so ready for setting on fire, that the risk is enormous. Now, in the case of gun-boats, the risk is not so great, while every opportunity is afforded to naval courage and naval dexterity. Mortar-boats can do all their work (so Sir Howard Douglas assures us), at the distance of 4,000 yards, more than two miles!



THE RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN BY THE EMPRESS IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

It would seem, then, that Dundas waited till he got the vessels which were denied to Napier; shelled Swaborg; did not destroy the sea defences; and is closing the campaign.

So far for the subjects of Sir Charles Napier's first letter. As he has not yet published the particulars of Sir James Graham's ill-treatment of him, we cannot criticise it. Napier is angry; but a man may be angry, and have good cause. Not even with the fullest sense of Sir Charles's weaknesses about us, would we deny the probability of his having much to say with perfect justice against Sir James Graham!

The second letter of the Admiral appeared on Tuesday last in the "Advertiser." How Sir Charles came to select such an organ we know not; an admiral is far gone who hoists his flag on a tub. But the second letter is even more curious than the first, since it shows us the Editor of the "Times" in the capacity of a Lord of the Admiralty. "The day the news from Sebastopol arrived," says Napier, the Editor wrote him a letter finding fault with him. This is an improvement on the British Constitution. The Editor should, however, bear some of the responsibility of failures, and not confine himself to the office of direction. Sir Charles adds, that the article attacking him in the "Times" the other day was written by an "Admiralty scribe." We shall be curious to see more of the controversy, since if the "Times" is in such close intimacy with Government, its independence as an organ becomes a curious subject of speculation! Sir Charles claims the whole merit of the attack, as far as regards its design. He adds that all the mortars but one are *hors de combat*, and he repeats the old question,—why did not Dundas make the attack earlier in the summer? He concludes by suggesting a "Baltic committee."

We hope we have made it clear enough, that (while not blind to that element of turbulence and agitation, and braggadocio—that want of taste and moderation which unfortunately characterise the Admiral)—we think him ill-treated in the particular instance before us. It is plain as day that Dundas had no advantage over him, except the one improperly conferred on him—the advantage of having a kind of vessels with which Napier was not supplied. On that point Napier has much the best of the controversy. It must also be remembered, that he manned and disciplined the squadron with which Dundas has achieved whatever he has achieved as yet. And it remains for future time to show what disadvantages, not yet exposed, Napier suffered at the hands of Sir James Graham. Briefly—we think Sir Charles has a good "grievance," but that he owes it to himself that he does not enjoy more public sympathy. As to the evil of the publicity of all these jangles, and the possible harm it may cause, that we cannot help; and it is the less to be regretted, since it has now become one of those regular excitements, without which no Government in our days would be likely to exert itself.

At all events, there is a melancholy pleasure in knowing precisely what has been done at Swaborg—why we have done no more—and what are the rights and wrongs of the home squabbles, which make up so large a part of this great war.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

It is rumoured that the Emperor has resumed his intention of going to the Crimea, having learned from General Canrobert that the army of the East regarded with extreme regret the non-realisation of the expectation they were so positively led to entertain that a Napoleon and an Emperor would cheer them to the assault, and share in their glory.

AUSTRIA.

On the 18th ult., the Concordat concluded between the Papal Chair and Austria was signed in Vienna, by Cardinal Viale Praela, the Pro-Nuncio of his Holiness at the Imperial Royal Court, and the Chevalier de Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, as the special Plenipotentiary of Austria.

According to the tenor of recent advices from Frankfort, Vienna, and Berlin, the Austrian Government is taking great pains to secure a majority of the confederated states of Germany in favour of the four points, intending to bring again that question before the Diet. From the earnestness shown by Austria in this matter, some correspondents infer that the cabinet of Vienna has obtained from England and France an undertaking to abide by that former basis of peace.

The Government has granted a subvention of one million to Austrian Lloyd's, in order to enable them to increase the number of vessels in intercourse with the Crimea.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government is reported to have replied to the circular despatch from the Cabinet of Vienna, in which the Imperial Government speaks of the resolution of the Diet of the 26th July, and expresses a hope that Germany will end by guaranteeing the four points. This reply has been transmitted to the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna, and is to be read by him to Count Buol. The main point of it is the following:—"It is impossible for the Prussian Government to share in the regrets which the resolution of the 26th July causes to the Cabinet of Vienna; on the contrary, it is very glad not to be bound to the four points, considering the various chances to which they have been exposed."

Russian agents are at Berlin, as well as the chief cities of Europe raising a loan for the Russian Government.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor, on the 14th ult., issued an order of the day, thanking the troops for their defence of Transund against the attack of the enemy's squadron, and for the arming of Fort Nicholas under the fire of the enemy.

It is now stated to be certain that Prince Paskiewitch will retain his post as Viceroy of Poland. He has received a very gracious letter from the Emperor, in which he is charged to effect different reforms. This fact is sufficient to prove that the Grand Duke Nicholas will not, at all events, for some time succeed him. The visit of the Emperor to Warsaw has been postponed, probably on account of the intensity of the cholera.

It is said to be the intention of the Czar to concentrate two grand armies, for Asia and the Danube, which will open two distinct campaigns. The military service of the empire will be entrusted to the militia. Recruiting is now taking place in several quarters. According to rumour the Russian Government has succeeded in obtaining money, both from Europe and America. The Asiatic and Danubian armies are intended to act on the offensive. If the forces in the Crimea suffer any great reverses, it is expected they will be withdrawn for the operations already intimated.

The visit of the Queen of England to the Emperor of the French has led to the conviction that the duration of the alliance between France and England, cemented by such proofs of cordiality between the two nations and the two sovereigns, cannot be doubted, and Russian statesmen have lost the hope of ever being able to sow dissension between the Western Allies. The more close the alliance becomes, the more grave is considered the prolongation of the present war. The Russians now recall the verse from Holy Writ, so often quoted by the late Czar in his manifestoes:—"God will punish the aggressor!" and they ask now whether the chastisement has not commenced. It is also acknowledged that the blockade has ruined commerce, and that wheat formerly worth 15 fr., has now fallen to 2 fr.

ITALY.

The cholera is committing great ravages, particularly at Castell'Alto, Bologna, Giulia, and Ripolone. The peasantry have imbibed most dangerous notions respecting the origin of the malady, attributing it to the poisoning of wells, to the influence of goblins, and to the wickedness of

physicians and the educated classes in general. Prompted by such ideas, a party of about 500 peasants invaded the town of Giulia, armed with scythes, hoes, spades, &c., and crying, "*Abbaso le sciemenarie*," meaning, "Down with the better classes!" They were, however, partly by persuasion and partly by threats, induced to retire without doing any injury.

The harvest has been an average one for most kinds of grain all over the north of Italy, and the Indian corn promises great abundance; but the vines, especially in the Venetian provinces, are again sorely afflicted with the disease.

Venice itself appears to have suffered a relapse. The facilities afforded by Genoa to the foreign commerce of Milan have deprived Venice of much of its trade, the fear of cholera has prevented the usual influx of strangers for the bathing season, and the gondoliers complain that the building of bridges has completely ruined their profession.

The French general at Rome having given permission, according to instructions received from the Minister of War, to the troops under his command to volunteer for service in the Crimea, so many men stepped out of the ranks, on the invitation of their several commanding officers, that the chief difficulty was which to select, the number of volunteers to be accepted being limited to fifteen men per company. About 500 men thus chosen, left Rome for the seat of war last week, and their places will be filled up by recruits from France.

SICILY.

A Muratist proclamation is said to be extensively circulating in Sicily. It is added that one phrase used in it by Prince Murat is, "The hour is come for the people to rise. I will not impose myself upon them, but I declare myself ready to answer their call."

TURKEY.

Accounts from Constantinople to the 20th, state that the Sultan has decided that 25 battalions taken from the Turkish troops in the Crimea and from the Danube, shall be sent to Asia. Omar Pacha, as well as Hussein Pacha, were to leave on the 21st for Batoum; and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was about to embark for the Crimea, where he will present insignia of the order of the Bath to several generals.

MEXICO.

The advices from the city of Mexico are to the 5th of August. The Government troops were losing ground daily.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

SANGUINARY AFFRAY NEAR BATHURST.

By the mails which arrived at Plymouth on Monday last, we are informed that the natives of Seabagee, a town within the territory of the British settlements on the river Gambia, broke out into open rebellion on the 17th of July. A party from Bathurst, consisting of police magistrates and constables, supported by a small military force, under Lieuts. Davis and Armstrong, attempting to take a man into custody at Seabagee, were fired upon and obliged to retreat, Lieut. Armstrong being seriously wounded, and two soldiers left prisoners. In the afternoon the natives of Seabagee, joined by others, burnt three English villages.

The governor, Lieut.-Col. O'Connor, with his forces, consisting of two hundred and sixty men and officers, made an attempt to chastise the rebels, about a mile from Seabagee, but after fighting for two hours, was repulsed, with a loss of thirty killed and three wounded, Captain Degreney, of the Gambia Militia, being among the former, and his Excellency among the latter, he having received two wounds. The rebels then threatened to invade Bathurst; but a reinforcement, consisting of the French man-of-war *Entrepreneur*, and one hundred and fifty French white troops, having arrived from the French settlement at Goree, a second expedition was made on the 3rd instant, led by Governor O'Connor, and after a desperate resistance on the part of the natives, the stockaded town of Seabagee was carried at the point of the bayonet, the French gallantly leading the advance, and the town was totally destroyed. The French lost one non-commissioned officer, one rank and file killed, and five wounded. The British troops and volunteers, thirty-five wounded, but none killed. The natives have lost two hundred. This has given temporary security to Bathurst. Her Majesty's ship *Myrmidon*, Capt. Monvel, arrived at Cape St. Mary's after the second attack. A council of war was held, and it was resolved to act on the defensive, unless the English had an equal number of troops with their white Allies. The Governor, whose wounds progress favourably, will act on the defensive, and held St. Mary's for the purpose. The Governor had a fall from his horse on the second expedition.

The War.

THE BATTLE OF TCHERNAYA.

THE POSITION DESCRIBED.

THE Tchernaya, coming out at the tower of Karlovka from the narrow gorge in which it runs, after leaving the valley of Baidar, flows between a succession of hillocks on both sides. These hillocks form the basis of the position of the allied armies. On the extreme right, beginning where the Tchernaya comes out of the gorge, down to the little mountain stream which falls into the Tchernaya from the south, are the Turks. They occupy two hillocks, and between them are two roads which lead from Higher Tchernogoun and the tower of Karlovka into the Woronzow road. The Sardinian position leans to the right, on the little mountain stream which limits the Turkish position to the left. They occupy the large solitary standing hillocks which used to be held by the Cossacks, and which extend down to the open ground over which the road from Balachava to Tchernogoun leads. This hillock has been lately considerably strengthened, and provided with batteries, and, as it has a very commanding position, was of the utmost importance in the defence of the Tchernaya line. In front of this hillock, and divided from it by the aqueduct which begins there, is another smaller but equally steep hillock, accessible from the first by a stone bridge, and on this hillock the Sardinians had a small *épaulement*, guarded by a detachment of infantry. Beyond both these hillocks, on the other side of the Tchernaya, they had, moreover, on the hillock nearest to the Mackenzie road, their outposts, which could thus watch the movements of the enemy, and give timely alarm in case of an attack. The French occupy the last series of hillocks, to the left of the Sardinians, and guard the road which leads from Balachava over the Traktir bridge, up to Mackenzie's farm. The hillocks occupied by them are three in number; the first, to the right, is separated from the others by the great road leading to the bridge; and the last, to the left, is protected by the basin which the aqueduct forms here, and is separated by another open ground, similar to that on the right of the French position, from the ridge on which the army of observation was during the winter. In front of the bridge, the French had constructed a small *épaulement* to guard the passage of the river, beyond which they had their outposts.

FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE RUSSIANS.

The Russians first attacked the outposts of the Sardinians on the opposite side of the river. Corresponding to the hillocks on this side of the Tchernaya, are three plateaux on the opposite bank. These were chosen for the left of the Russian position against the Turks and the Sardinians. These plateaux were, therefore, first to be secured, for the guns could command from them not only the hillocks opposite occupied by the Sardinians and Turks, but likewise the plain which opens towards the French position. A company of infantry of the line, and a company of Bersaglieri, formed the Sardinian outposts. These were attacked at dawn of Aug. 16, by the Russians. The Sardinians held their position for a while by means of reinforcements. They then crossed the aqueduct and the river, and went up to the plateau; but, when they arrived on the crest of it, the two companies had just left the *épaulement* behind which they had until then defended themselves gallantly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, but which had become untenable, as it was swept by the guns which the Russians had brought up on the two other plateaux, and besides was exposed to be taken in the rear. So the troops retired in good order across the river, and went to reinforce the post which occupied the second hillock on the banks of the aqueduct. In the meantime the cannonade on both

sides had begun. The Russians left us not long in doubt where they would attack, for, scarcely had the cannonade begun, when three compact masses of infantry were seen advancing towards the plain opposite to the French position. The points chosen were the bridge and the hillock to the right. The masses, which in the morning sun looked like glittering waves, protected by the fire of their artillery, moved in excellent order down to the river side, notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery which greeted them in front from the French, and in flank from the Sardinians. At the river the first column detached itself from the rest, and dividing into two columns, crossed the river, which is now nearly everywhere easily fordable. Men carrying moveable wooden bridges preceded, but in the first rush the Russians, without waiting for bridges, went over wherever they could, and dispersing like a swarm of bees, rushed forward in columns, some against the bridge, the others against the hillock on the right.

Before the troops were properly under arms the Russians, were at the bridge and at the foot of the hillock. The 20th *légion* and the 2nd battalion of Zouaves had to stand the first shock, and they certainly stood it gallantly. The rush of the Russians was splendid. Without losing their time with firing, they advanced with an *élan* scarcely ever seen in Russian troops.

REPULSED BY THE SARDINIANS.

The Russians could not carry their point, and were, after a short trial repulsed both on the bridge and the hillock. The aqueduct which supplies the Turks, and which runs close to the foot of the hillock, formed the chief defence of the French. The Russians crossed the aqueduct on the right, and were beginning to scale the heights, when, taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, which fired with admirable precision, they were swept off their feet, and rolled into the aqueduct below.

The first rush did not last more than ten minutes.

THE SECOND ATTACK—REPULSED BY THE FRENCH.

The Russians fell back, but they had scarcely done so, when a second rush was met by the second *légion*, which was advancing *à la charge* to support the first, and both rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first. At the bridge, the French crossed the river on the right and left, and forced the Sardinians to fall back. Scarcely had the bridge been taken, when two guns of the 5th *Légion* Brigade of Artillery crossed it and took up a position on the opposite side in an open space which divides two of the hillocks, and through which the road leads to the plain of Balachava. While those two guns passed the bridge, a third crossed the river by a ford, and all three began to sweep the road and the heights. The infantry in the meantime, without waiting for the portable bridges, which had moreover been thrown away in great part during the advance, rushed breast-deep into the water, climbed up the embankment, and began to scale the heights on both sides. They succeeded on this point in getting up more than one-half of the ascent, where the dead and wounded afterwards showed clearly the mark which they reached; but by the time they arrived there the French were fully prepared, and met them in the most gallant style. Notwithstanding the exertions and the perseverance of the Russians, they were by degrees forced back, and driven after an obstinate resistance across the bridge, carrying away their guns.

THIRD ATTACK—COWED BY FRENCH AND SARDINIANS.

This time they came on in such a swarm that they were neither kept back by the aqueduct, nor cowed by the Sardinian guns, which were plunging long lines through their scattered lines. On they came, as seemed irresistible, and rushed up the steep hill with such fury that the Zouaves, who lined the sides of it, were obliged to fall back for a moment before the multitude. You could plainly see the officers leading the way, and animating their soldiers. This furious rush brought the advancing column in an incredibly short time to the crest of the hillock, where it stopped to form. But the French had not been idle during the time that the Russians were ascending the hill. The Zouaves had only fallen back from the side of the hillock to the main body, which had been drawn up behind the top. Scarcely did the column of the enemy show its head, when the guns opened on it with grape, and a murderous fire was poured down upon it by the French infantry. This immediately stopped the advance of the column, which began to waver, but the impetus from those behind was so powerful that the head of it, notwithstanding the unexpected reception, was pushed forward a few yards more, when the French, giving one mighty cheer, rushed upon the advancing enemy, who, shaken already, immediately turned round and ran down, if possible, faster than they had come up. But the mass was so great that all the hurry could not save them, and more than 200 prisoners were taken on the spot, while the hillock, the banks of the aqueduct, the aqueduct itself, and the riverside were filled with dead and wounded. The Sardinian and French artillery poured, moreover, a murderous crossfire into the scattered remains of the column, of which scarcely a shot missed. It was a complete rout. The French rushed down the hillside and drove them far across the plain. This defeat seems to have so completely cowed them that nothing more was attempted against this side.

THE FINAL ATTACK—SIGNAL DEFEAT.

Notwithstanding the heavy loss suffered by the second attack, the Russians concentrated once more all their forces, collected the scattered remains of the column which had been routed on the right of the French position, and brought up all their reserves to attempt one more attack. They again crossed the river, and the aqueduct too, and tried to take the heights, but in vain; the French were now thoroughly prepared, and the tenacity of the Russians served only to augment their losses. They were soon seen flying in all directions, followed by the French. This last attack was decisive, and immediately the usual Russian preparation for retreat—namely, the advance of the artillery—showed clearly that the Russians acknowledged themselves defeated, and were on the point of retreating. Three batteries, each of 12 guns, which during the greatest part of the attack had been nearly silent, began to open their fire, while the scattered remains of the infantry columns rallied behind a rising leading up towards the plateau of Akyer, or Mackenzie's height. The Russian riflemen, after the last defeat on the right, had retired behind the banks of the Tchernaya, whence they kept up a brisk but ineffectual fire. A battalion of Piedmontese, preceded by a company of Bersaglieri, advanced in beautiful order, as if on parade, and soon drove these riflemen from their position. It even advanced some way towards the plateaux; but, as it was not intended to force the heights, it contented itself, supported by other troops, with following the enemy, who was already in full retreat. The guns which the Russians had brought up to cover their retreat, suffered so much by the fire from our side, that they made off in a hurry. The Russian guns returned only for a moment under cover, and soon after you could see a brilliant line of cavalry debouching from the rising ground, where it had been hitherto hidden. Five regiments were distinguishable—three in one line, and two other regiments on the flanks in second line. They advanced at a gallop, and, wheeling round, allowed 12 guns to pass, which again opened their fire, but only for a short time, and at half-past 9 or 10 o'clock, the dust on the Mackenzie road, and the black lines moving off, were the only traces which remained of the so long threatened attack of the Russians.

Everybody now rushed to the battlefield, and one look was sufficient to convince them that the Allies had won a real battle on the Tchernaya.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the Battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. At the Battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the fire firing and the bayonets of the infantry, while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded and dead showed frightful traces of roundshot, grape, shell, and canister, so that as a battlefield one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and the head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly the sight was appalling; the Russians when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than 20 feet in height. The French made every possible despatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived. While there the Russians, who could see plainly that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously

shown to the troops. One of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, was asked what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, "They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping their power."

The number of the dead is estimated at from 1,200 to 1,500, and the number of wounded brought in up to Aug. 17, 1,500.

THE RUSSIAN FORCES ENGAGED.

According to the account of the prisoners, and judging from the straps on the shoulders of the wounded and dead, three divisions were engaged in the actual attack—the 5th of the 2nd corps d'armée (of General Pankratov) lately arrived from Poland, under the command of General Wrangel; the 12th division of the 4th corps d'armée (Osten Sacken's), formerly under the command of General Liprandi, now under General Martinev; and the 17th division of the 6th corps d'armée (Liprandi's) under Major-General Wassilevsky. The prisoners say that even the reserves took part in the action.

Besides the three divisions which attacked, there was another, the 7th, which occupied Tchergoum and the heights, but which did not attack except in the small outpost affair of the Sardinians.

THE DIVISIONS OF FRENCH AND SARDINIAN FORCES ENGAGED.

The French had three divisions engaged—the Division Faucheux to the left, the Division d'Herbillon in the centre of the bridge, and the Division Lamotte on the right; their loss is about 1,000 in dead and wounded. The Sardinians had only one division engaged, the division (Trotti), and suffered very little loss—a few hundred men; but they have to regret the loss of a distinguished general officer, the Brigadier-General Count Montevideo, who is severely wounded and not expected to live.

THE USUAL RUSSIAN STIMULUS.

A soldier, who said he belonged to the last battalion of the reserves, stated that before the battle General Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter of the Emperor read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava, and then there was a large distribution of brandy. No soldier was seen who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations. It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of the Russians were old soldiers, scarcely one under 30.

THE ALLIED CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA.

SOLDIERS VISITING THE COUNTRY HOUSES.

The English cavalry, which was encamped in the valley of Baidar, on Aug. 13, received sudden orders to return, but the French were still there, enjoying hay and making excursions to the villas on the sea-side towards Baidar. These beautiful summer residences of the Russian nobility have long been spared such visits, but they could not altogether escape their fate. The Turks, with the exception of Bashi-Bazouks and Arnauts, of whom there are none on the Tchernaya, are not much given to roam about; so while they were in the neighbourhood of Baidar the country-houses on the sea-side along the Woronzow-road escaped altogether. The Turks contented themselves with exploring the immediate neighbourhood. Baidar itself and the other villages in the valley afford little in the shape of booty. Moreover, the Turks in general make it a point not to plunder their co-religionists, and the inhabitants of the valley are mostly Mahomedans. But they found out a little country-house on the sea-shore called Laspi, where an old French doctor, who had been established for many years in Russia, was living with his family; and one fine morning a complaint was made to the French General-in-Chief by his countryman that five Turkish soldiers had come to pay a visit to Laspi. They were received and fed like guests, but before going away they asked for *maljar* (Hungarian ducats, the best known foreign money among the Turks). The old doctor, who of course understood nothing of their language but the word *maljar*, thought it was nothing more than a polite inquiry about his nationality; and, wishing to rectify the supposed mistake of his guests, he pointed to the French cockade which he had, by a wise precaution, fixed on his cap, in order not to be mistaken for a Russian, saying at the same time "*Français, Français.*" But when one of the soldiers took hold of his watch and chain, and when the others began to search the ladies, he was soon aware that it was he, and not the Turks, who had made the mistake. A blow with the butt-end of a musket left him no doubt that resistance was useless, and the soldiers departed after having carried away, according to his account, objects to the value of about £200. General Pelissier, on the complaint of the French doctor, addressed a complaint to the Turkish head-quarters, in order to have things investigated and the guilty punished. The answer was that the Turks had the strictest orders not to plunder, and that any supposition to the contrary was an insult to their character; that the marauders could not have been Turkish soldiers; and that the dress and flint muskets, which exist only in the Turkish army, must have been borrowed or taken in order to make believe that they were Turkish soldiers;—thus the affair remained. The old doctor retired to Baidar, and the ladies went over to the Russians.

Since the French and English cavalry have occupied the valley, the visits to the country-houses have become much more systematic. The Russians, having entirely withdrawn from the coast up to Yalta, having only isolated Cossack patrols about, the whole row of country houses on the shore has been opened to enterprising individuals, and every morning you could see arabas and pack horses coming over the Woronzow Road into Baidar, loaded with the most heterogeneous objects; chairs, beds, crockery, carpets, pictures, albums, ladies' work-baskets, embroidered cushions, cooking utensils, wine, and hundreds of other things were brought back and sold all along the road. In order to put a stop to these excursions, an English cavalry picket was stationed at the archway which is erected on the highest point of the Woronzow Road, just before it begins to descend towards the sea, and nobody was allowed to enter except with a pass. But this mended things only half-way—that is to say, no English soldier would indulge in a roving disposition; but French marauders as before came, duly provided with a pass, and returned with as much plunder as they could possibly carry. The usual style was a string of pack-horses, mules, or carts, with half a dozen camp-followers of the worst description, and escorted by a couple of soldiers. The thing seems to have been quite systematically arranged, for they often refused to sell, under the plea that they had to share with their comrades, or that the things belonged to officers—very likely an excuse for passing safe. If you showed any curiosity about the affair, you were asked whether you wanted any household furniture, such as chairs, or mirrors, lamps, beds, &c., and told that you had only to say where the things were to be brought to, and they would take care you should have them. There was nobody at these country-houses, the Cossacks sent only an occasional shot from the distance, and there were two French steamers to keep the road open, which leads quite close to the shore; so there was full security.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE ANTICIPATION OF A GENERAL ATTACK.

An attack was expected to take place, it was believed, on the evening of Aug. 12, along the whole line. Without tap of drum or sound of bugle, the camp was afoot at the prescribed hour, the troops forming up in profound silence. The entire army was out, including the cavalry and artillery from Balaklava. The first gray of the following morning found a number of officers and amateurs assembled on Cathcart's Hill, the best point of observation. There was unusually little firing on the 12th, and it was expected that the tranquillity was quickly to be broken by the din of an engagement. The interest of the situation grew stronger as the morning advanced and as the scarlet columns became visible, massed along the coast, motionless and expectant. Superior officers, with their staff, moved forward; aides-de-camp traversed the heights with orders; here and there through the still imperfect light, which began to be tinged with the first red flush of sunrise, waved the pennons of a Lancer escort. With broad day the brief excitement ended. Before the upper edge of the sun's

disk rose above the hills, the troops were marching briskly back to their tents. The morning was beautifully clear, and the spectacle was striking. In fine order, in serried columns, looking hardy, active, and cheerful, and up to any work, the Crimean army regained its canvas quarters. For the day the danger was over—to commence again, it was believed, on the night of the 13th. From certain orders that had been given with respect to ammunition, mules, &c., it was inferred that the army would again be under arms early on the morning of the 14th ult. The officers were warned to be ready at a moment's notice. It was believed that reinforcements had reached Sebastopol. They had been expected for some time. Four divisions were talked of, two of them Imperial Guards. Word had been sent up from the fleet to head-quarters that large bodies of troops were seen collecting behind the Redan, and others behind the Tchernaya, and there were grounds for expecting a general attack along our lines. The generals of division assembled on the afternoon of Aug. 12, at the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

THE ARRIVAL OF ADDITIONAL FORCES.

On the 13th ult., the *Océano* arrived at Balaklava with dragoons and horses. Mr. Doyne, superintendent-in-chief of the Army Working Corps, also arrived about the same time. He went as far as Constantinople in the *Sinuous* with 150 of his men, who will quickly follow him to the scene of action. The corps is to consist of 1,000 men. Mr. Doyne has had an interview with Colonel Macmurdó, in command of the Land Transport Corps. It is understood that it is not intended, as was at first proposed, to employ the Army Working Corps under fire unless in case of absolute necessity. They will be set to making roads, cleaning the camp, and similar highly useful and necessary occupations.

The staff of the railway, which had been greatly diminished by illness and other causes, has been broken up. Mr. Beattie has been requested by General Simpson to remain to superintend the working of the railway and all engineering matters connected with it. Two vessels have been sent from Balaklava to Gibraltar for mortar. It is said that no less than eleven vessels sailed from England between the 20th and 30th ult., laden with guns and ammunition, and bound for the Crimea.

CARRYING AN AMBASCADORE ON THE GLACIS OF THE MALAKHOFF.

During the night of the 23rd ult., the French, according to General Pelissier's despatch, carried an ambascadore on the glacis of the Malakhoff; 500 Russians made a sortie for the purpose of retaking it, but they were brilliantly repulsed with a loss of about 300 men. The work has been turned against them, and is definitely gained by our gallant Allies.

INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

The following letter, from the interior of Sebastopol, appears in the Vienna papers under date August 5:—"Spies and deserters bring us word that the enemy is preparing a bombardment, and that the French 'Suvoroff' means after that to hazard a fresh storming attack. We have been long expecting this, and are ready at an hour's notice to meet the army with the sign of our holy cross. I saw the other day two French prisoners in Catherine Harbour, and they were being conveyed to the north side. One of them was a non-commissioned officer, the other a private, but both of them were gay young fellows. This never-failing cheerfulness of the French is a remarkable feature in their character, and it looks as if they liked being prisoners. On the non-commissioned officer being asked whether he should not feel home-sick in Russia, he answered, 'Why should I? In Russia I shall learn Russian, and when the war is over shall carry back this language to my countrymen.' On the other hand the English prisoners are, for the most part, very gruff and monosyllabic. An English deserter was asked what induced him to desert, and he moodily answered, 'Fancy.' Another answered the same question, 'I got dull, and if I had not done so should have blown my brains out.' A copy of a London newspaper was handed in the hospital to an Englishman, not severely wounded by the 13th, and after he had read it with deep attention, he turned suddenly round to the physician that happened to be standing near, and said in a low voice to him 'Can't you give me some medicine that will finish me out of hand?' The enemy's fleet continues in Kamiesch and Atrow Bays; only a few liners and steamers are off the roads at a distance equal to twice the range of our fort guns. The ships are often exercised at firing. Perhaps the enemy is again preparing for some heroic feat, which it will not be so easy to accomplish against Sebastopol, girt with artillery. Since the second bombardment, there is not a spot in this town that is not strewn with bombs and balls. It would be hard to find in the whole town a single house that has not suffered more or less. The glorious public library—I allude to the edifice—has likewise been extensively damaged, but the books, prints, maps, and bookshelves are removed to a safe place. The newsroom, however, is crowded as usual, especially on a post-day, with officers of all arms, who being relieved for a few hours from bastion duty, go there to read the newspapers lying on the table. It often happens that while they are reading some very interesting article, a bomb will explode with its horrid crack right over the building, or a rocket will hiss past the open windows. Not a soul, however, turns his head to look after: so much for habit, which in man becomes a second nature!"

THE BRITISH FLEET OFF SEBASTOPOL.

(From a Correspondent in the Black Sea.)

WHAT is the use of the Black Sea fleet?—is a question that constantly arises in our minds whenever we see the clouds of smoke ascend from the batteries on shore; and when we hear, as we have for the last thirty hours, without intermission, the thunder from the guns, not only of the contending armies, but of the Russian ships, as they continue to pour forth their effective broadsides, dealing death and destruction to our gallant, but hard-fought soldiers.

Our noble fleet, such a fleet as Nelson never saw, lies off the harbour of Sebastopol, and in Kazatch Bay. Its batteries are manned, and the missiles they throw light upon the Russian soldiers by hundreds, as they doggedly give gun for gun to the united artillery of England and France; and upon the noble fleet of Russian line of battle ships and steamers, as they belch forth their terrible fire of shells over the Russian soldiers, into the lines of their enemies. Why, then, ask, what is the use of that noble fleet? Alas! gentle reader, the truth must be told. The batteries which are manned in the fleet, are batteries of spy-glasses; the only missiles thrown are the wishes of those who man them, that the soldiers may succeed in taking the place, so that the fleet may go in and winter snugly in Sebastopol harbour.

On the day before yesterday (Aug. 16), a great battle was fought in the valley of the Tchernaya, about four miles above Inkermann, in which the Russians lost 5,000 killed; the French 500 killed and wounded.

The fleet heard the intelligence, and looked at the signal which conveyed it with great satisfaction, and every officer was prepared to start for the battle-field to pick up Russian swords and muskets, as trophies of a battle in which they were not engaged; but the admiral, being roused up on the following morning, at half-past three, by a terrible fire opening from the whole of the English batteries on shore on Sebastopol, made a signal that no leave was to be given for officers to go on shore; so that the spoils of the battle-field will, in this instance, be left to the conquerors—the French and Sardinians. The comorants are disappointed of their prey. Some persons in the fleet were raw enough to imagine, when they saw the signal to stop all leave, that the noble fleet was really at last going to do something; and some were preposterous enough to say, that their going in and attacking the batteries, one of which, Fort Constantine, was all but brought down by the fire of the *Agamemnon* and *Sussex*, on the 17th of October, would serve to take the fire in a great measure off the troops, besides the destruction the fleet should commit upon the Russian fortifications and town of Sebastopol; but these stupid and vain people forget that some of our gallant seamen might be killed or wounded; and although a regiment may enter on a field of battle with the almost certainty that the one-half of it shall be killed or wounded, the lives of our gallant seamen must not be risked in this manner.

But, worst of all, some people were absurd enough to suppose, that because the gun-boats, bearing the Lancaster guns on board, can lie within range of the longest ranged guns the Russians have, and throw Lancaster shells, the most destructive missile known to modern warfare, into

the town and forts of Sebastopol, they would be employed to assist the troops. Stupid mortals, the gun-boats are built, not to use against the Russians, but to lie rotting off Sebastopol with the rest of the fleet, which, for all the use they are, might as well be lying dismounted in Portsmouth harbour.

GENITCHI AND THE SEA OF AZOF.

THE Straits of Genitchi, impracticable for gun-boats drawing six feet water, are equally so for lighter boats, owing to the difficulty of finding a channel, and other obstacles attending its navigation. About the beginning of last month, an English gun-boat arrived at Yenikale from Genitchi, the officers of which stated, that the moment any vessel attempted to enter the Putrid Sea, field-batteries immediately descended to the shore, and by their fire obliged her to retire. The idea of operating with rafts has been altogether abandoned. Three English gun-boats here stationed along the Arabat Spit, at a distance of 1,200 yards from each other, for the purpose of watching the movements of the enemy, and opposing them if necessary. Our steamers constantly cruise in the Sea of Azof, and about the 3rd ult., the *Caton* arrived at Kertch to reinforce the flotilla. The French had at that time seven steamers in that sea and in the Straits. The position of the corps of occupation continued the same. The works at Yenikale progressed satisfactorily, and the covered way connecting our line of defence with the sea was nearly terminated. The health of our men was excellent, and our brave marines were quite recovered from their sufferings. Two companies had left Kertch, under the orders of Captain d'Arbaud, and were (August 3) four leagues to the west of the town, protecting our reapers.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

It is now a considerable time since the attention of Europe has been directed to the state of affairs in Asia. The frontier provinces of the Turk and the Muscovite at the foot of the Caucasus, formed a region invested with an indistinct grandeur in the minds of those who took their ideas from history or fiction, and dreamed of Armenia and Georgia, Trebizonde, Erzeroum, and Teflis, as lands of mysterious races, and cities of romantic interest. Even men acquainted with the realities of the case, and who were practical in their tendencies, urged strongly the importance of the Asiatic struggle, and from the success of the Turks at Fort St. Nicholas argued the speedy conquest of Transcaucasian Russia, the destruction of the Czar's influence in Central Asia, and the liberation of British India from the fear of a march from the Volga to the Indus. The plain on which Kars stands is 8,000 feet above the sea, far higher than the top of Olympus or the loftiest mountains in Western Asia. "A single winter in such a region," says the *Times* in a leader on the subject, "would have afforded time to discipline the regiments which had been newly enrolled, and a wise inactivity of one summer would have given the Porte at the commencement of the present year a force which might have met the enemy without the fear of a dishonourable issue. But the disastrous history of the last campaign is well known. In five battles the Turks lost more than 30,000 men, the great majority by desertions of the starved, ragged, shoeless soldiers after the rout. Ali, Ahmed, and Zafir Mustapha Pachas, the successive Generals, all lost battles; the two former are now suffering imprisonment for their delinquencies; the last, better befriended, has escaped with impunity. The army of Asia was destroyed as far as spirit and discipline were concerned, and even in numbers it was reduced to little more than a third of its former strength. Anarchy reigned at head-quarters; the Staff, composed mainly of European adventurers, was engaged in intrigues and petty but disgraceful disputes. Poles quarrelled with Hungarians, and Italians calumniated both. Profligacy of the worst kind was universal—raki and *hushchick* degraded still lower the faculties that debauchery had weakened."

Russian policy in Asia, as everywhere else, to stand on the defensive, and, in spite of the investment of Kars and the Cossack ravages round Erzeroum, the protection of his territory seems the Czar's only serious consideration. He, no doubt, looks forward to a time when a European force may threaten the fine province which his ancestor seized without even the decency of a pretext. Friendly overtures are said to have been made to the chieftains of the Caucasus, and the safety of the passes fully assured. But the chief reliance is on the route of the Caspian, which cannot be endangered by an enemy. The great military road from this inland sea to Teflis and Gumri has been thoroughly repaired, and most of the troops which are now on the Turkish border have been brought down the Volga to Astrakhan, then along the coast to Baku, and so marched on to the seat of war. If attacked in Asia, the Russians will probably make a long and desperate defence; but by their offensive operations we may be convinced they mean little, except, perhaps, by the capture of Kars, to obtain a footing on an enemy's territory, which may, in the minds of future Viennese negotiators, put them on an equality with the probable occupiers of Sebastopol, and entitle them to talk with fluency about a mutual restitution of conquests. It seems, therefore, in this crisis of the Crimean struggle, a strange policy which banishes the chief Ottoman general from the field, where the great conflict between the Allies and Russia is proceeding. In the Crimea is the real conflict with Russia at present, and victory there will be world-wide, not only in its fame, but in its results.

The following is an extract from a private note from Mr. Consul Brant, of Erzeroum, dated Aug. 6:—

"Since the 3rd we have been in the greatest state of confusion, principally for want of judgment of the Pachas, military and civil. That evening news was brought that the Russians were at Kerpi Keui, the Turks having retreated. Our guns in the redoubts were manned, and Bashi-Bazouks placed over the artillery. The Pacha went out to encamp himself. He said if he did not encourage his men all would desert, as they were exposed to a burning sun all day and a chilling wind all night, having no tents, and were falling ill. The Pacha returned to town this morning; the Russians had retired. It is said an order reached Vely Pacha to retire from Kerpi Keui, as 10,000 Russians would advance on him there, and 20,000 more detached from the Kars army would join. I am this moment informed that the post from Kars has arrived. General Williams writes that half the Russian army had marched towards the Soanlee Dagh, in the direction of Erzeroum, 20,000 men, so that we are not safe; yet the force remaining behind was too strongly entrenched, too strong in artillery (40 pieces), and too numerous to be safely attacked; so possibly we may have 30,000 men down upon us, and it were best to be prepared. I shall not quit until the last extremity."

According to information from Trebizonde, of August 7, the Russian division which is between Kars and Erzeroum, after marching to Delhibaba, where it was reinforced by a corps of 8,000 men, advanced on the 1st or 2nd upon Kerpi-Keui. Some Turkish troops which were stationed here, giving way before superior numbers, had to retreat. The Russians, pursuing their march, have encamped at three leagues from Erzeroum at a place called Korutehouk.

SORTIE FROM KARS.

According to reliable advices of the 25th of August from Constantinople, the garrison of Kars has made a successful sortie against the Russians.

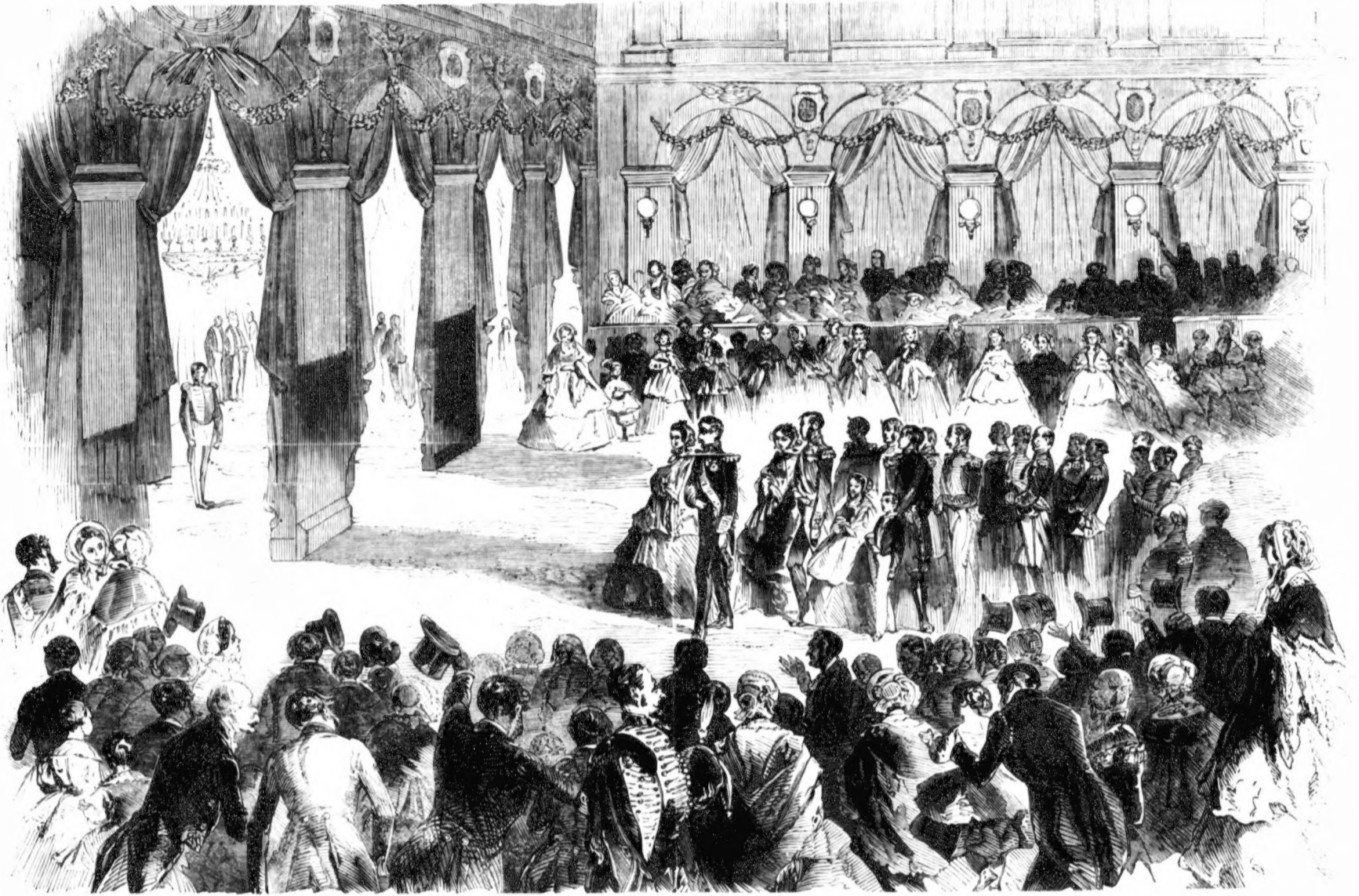
The Russian corps which threatened Erzeroum has been withdrawn.

THE COMMANDER IN THE CRIMEA.—The "*Presse d'Orient*" states that General Simpson will shortly be replaced by General Henry Bentinck, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the Crimea.

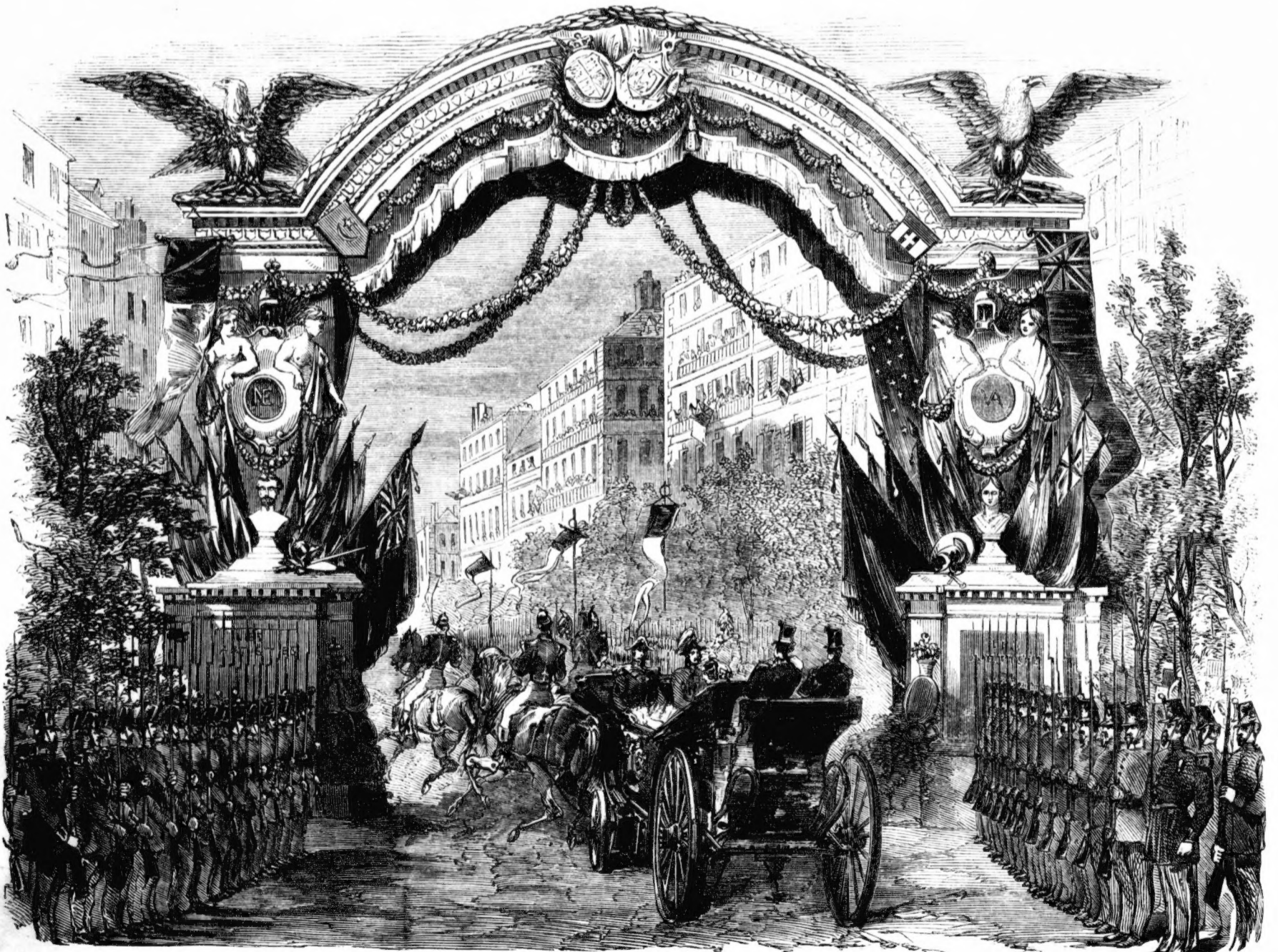
FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE CRIMEA.—It is stated in well-informed circles in Paris, that orders have just been given to send reinforcements to the Crimea, to the number of 50,000 men.

LORD DUNDONALD'S PLAN.—The "*Hull Advertiser*" states that it feels no hesitation in publishing what it knows to be a fact, viz., that Lord Dundonald's plan consists in destroying the enemy by blasts of poisoned air.

THE WHITE SEA SQUADRON.—Norwegian papers state, on the authority of letters received from Wardø, the most northern town of the kingdom, that the White Squadron had captured two Russian ships and a small steamer; which latter had been employed for a long time in keeping up a communication with Archangel. According to these accounts, the squadron was preparing to quit the White Sea, unmistakable signs being visible that the short summer of that high latitude was speedily drawing to a close, warning them to return to a more temperate climate.



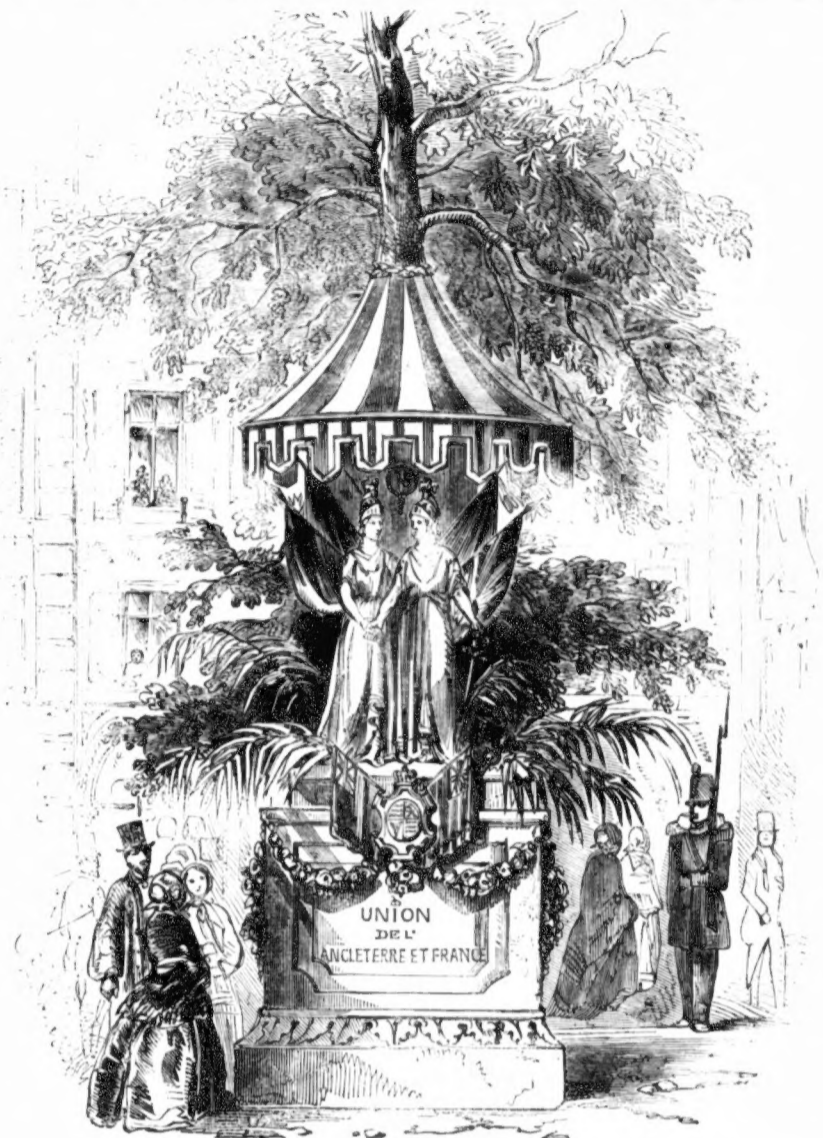
THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AND THE EMPEROR AT THE STRASBURG RAILWAY STATION, PARIS.



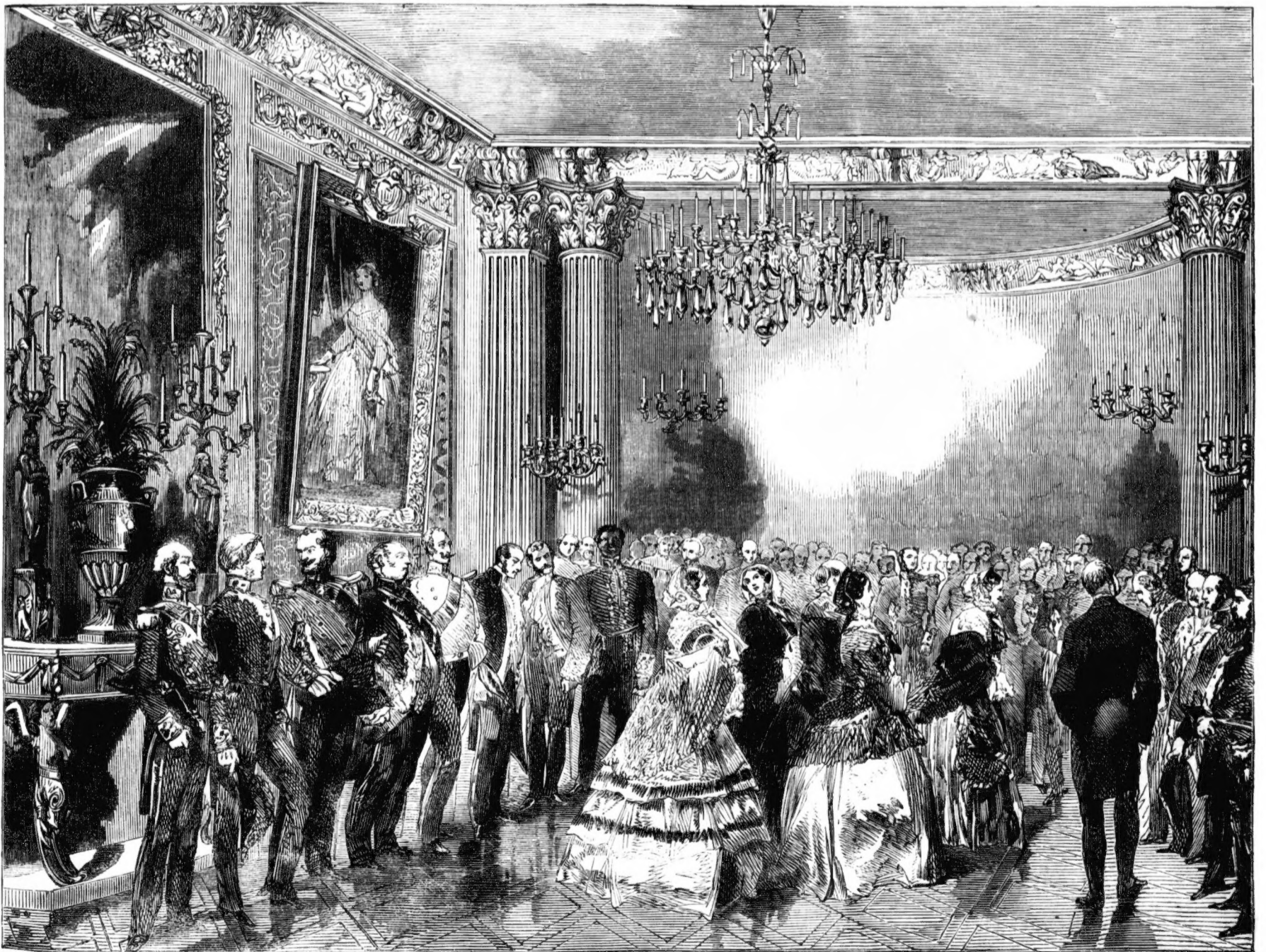
THE ROYAL CORTEGE PASSING UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE BOULEVARDS.



TROPHY BY THE ARTISTES OF THE OPERA COMIQUE, ERECTED ON THE BOULEVARDS.



TROPHY IN HONOUR OF THE ALLIANCE, ERECTED ON THE BOULEVARDS.



RECEPTION BY HER MAJESTY OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE, IN THE PALACE OF THE ELYSEE.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

ST. CLOUD ON THE EVENING OF THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL.

On the evening of her Majesty's arrival in Paris, the avenue leading to the Palace of St. Cloud was the scene of eager expectation. Prudent Parisians had wended their way hitherwards in anticipation of obtaining a more leisurely gaze at *la belle Reine* than any position they might secure on the boulevards or on the Champs Elysées would afford them. A handsome triumphal arch, covered with flags and evergreens, graced the entrance of the avenue which, it will be remembered, leads from the bridge to the gateway of the Palace. Around this was congregated a dense mass of happy, smiling faces, while on either side of the road, which was lined by the Imperial Guard in single file, crowds of laughing, gossiping, anxious Frenchmen were ranged some six or eight deep. If all was expectant anxiety without the Palace gateway, what was the scene at that time transpiring within the limits of the Palace itself. By express permission of the Emperor, I, and your artist, had full powers to penetrate within even this magic circle.

ASPECT OF THE PALACE.

Dispersed about the court-yard were groups of officers dressed in every variety of uniform. Picked men of the Imperial Guard were ranged around the three sides of the building, and the magnificent band of the Guides, stationed at the centre of the court-yard, played at intervals the choicest music. Within the Palace walls a different scene presented itself. The magnificent Cent Guides, in their gorgeous costume of blue and gold, with burnished breast-plates throwing back the light reflected from innumerable chandeliers, were stationed on either side of the grand staircase, up which the Queen of England was shortly to pass. At the foot of the statue of Sappho, Pradier's master-piece, and last work of the trumpeters of the corps in their brilliant crimson uniform, were assembled; on either side of the hall the imperial footmen, in their state liveries reclined on velvet cushions, tired out with waiting for the coming guest. Suddenly a horse soldier dashed at full speed through the Palace gates, and, reining up his panting steed at the grand entrance, handed in a written despatch. The salvos of artillery now grew louder and louder, announcing the near approach of the *cortège*, and slowly a group of some four or five ladies was to be seen descending the grand staircase. A glance was sufficient to discern that the Empress was not among the number. No sooner had they formed themselves into a half circle in the centre of the hall, than an elegantly dressed lady, with a sweet yet saddened expression of countenance, before whom all gave way, glided in at the grand doorway, and took up her position in front of the assembled group. After standing for a few moments, she retired into one of the corridors, whither a Bath chair was wheeled for her to repose on until the arrival of her anxiously expected guests.

MEETING OF THE QUEEN AND EMPRESS.

Suddenly the band of the Guides struck up with the beautiful air of "God Save the Queen," and every one knew that an important act in the drama was about to commence. The Empress was handed out from her resting-place, and stood expectantly at the doorway looking out into the darkness. The semi-circle of ladies, one of whom was the Princess Mathilde, ranging themselves at a respectful distance behind. To the left of them stood Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, and some few other important personages. No sooner was the scene appropriately disposed, than the sound of carriage wheels grating harshly on the gravelled court-yard announced the long-expected arrival. The horses were hardly reined in ere the Emperor bounded from the carriage, and, assisting the Queen to alight, led her up to the Empress, who, inquiring whether she had had a pleasant voyage, affectionately kissed her. The Emperor next introduced the Queen to the Princess Mathilde, whom the Queen also kissed. He then presented Marshal Vaillant to her Majesty; and while Prince Albert was exchanging his compliments upon the Empress, and Prince Napoleon was showing his attentions to the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales had given his arm to the Princess Mathilde, and the Emperor with an air of satisfied pride, was leading the Queen of England up the grand staircase of the palace. As her Majesty turned the corner and came suddenly upon the magnificent *coup d'œil* presented by the Cent Gardes, she slightly started, and looking up into the Emperor's face, expressed her surprise. The cold passive features of the Emperor relaxed for the moment, and he evidently could not conceal his gratification. Now, however, Prince Albert leading the Empress, the Prince of Wales leading the Princess Mathilde, and Prince Napoleon leading the Princess Royal, shut out the Emperor and the Queen from our view. In a few minutes, the hall was cleared of its illustrious occupants, the Cent Gardes quitted their position on the staircase, and the magnificent imperial footmen betook themselves to the soft velvet ottomans with which the marshal of the palace so considerably provides them.

SUNDAY

After the fatigues of the journey, and the excitement of the entry into Paris, the Queen was not sorry to enjoy the rest of the Seventh Day in the midst of her family and that of her imperial host. Beyond a quiet stroll in the private gardens of the Palace of St. Cloud, her Majesty did not stir out. At half-past eleven o'clock, divine service was performed in a large, simply decorated room on the ground floor, which had been fitted up as a temporary chapel. The whole of the Royal Family and their suite, together with nine other Protestants of distinction, were present. The Rev. Dr. Hale, the chaplain to the British Embassy, had the honour of preaching. He selected his text from the lessons of the day, St. Luke, xviii., 13. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Queen has always been her strict observance of the Sabbath. The good mother and the virtuous wife never fails to return thanks to Heaven for the blessings granted to her. In England, a simple morning walk or a quiet drive is all the recreation she allows herself on the Sunday, and even these pleasures are indulged in more on the score of health than for amusement.

While taking the air in the gardens, the Prince of Wales caught sight of the tall monument known as the *Lanterne de Demosthène*, which is built on the most elevated ground in the Park, and commands a view of the Chateau of St. Cloud and the surrounding country. He made earnest inquiries about this *Belvédère*, and listened attentively whilst being told that it was built by order of Napoleon I., and was an exact reproduction of the edifice erected by the Athenians in honour of the great orator who saved their city from the cunning attempts of Philip of Macedon. It was constructed under the superintendence of M. de Choiseul, who brought the drawings back with him after his voyage to Greece.

The people had hoped that her Majesty would have taken an afternoon's drive as far as Versailles, to see the fountains play. An immense crowd continued patiently to watch at the entrance gates, to witness the departure of the Royal *cortège*. But they were doomed to be disappointed. At Versailles, the gardens were thronged by thousands. Many had hired windows or paid for a place on a stand.

The Emperor, with great delicacy, had sent in the morning to inform her Majesty, that as she might prefer passing the day in the quiet of her family, he would refrain from visiting her. Her Majesty seemed greatly pleased by this thoughtful attention, but nevertheless refused to accede to the polite proposition, and returned an answer, that after divine service she would be delighted to enjoy the society of her imperial host and hostess. At eight o'clock p.m., the Royal party sat down to dinner *en famille*, as it is pleasantly styled. Beyond the suite and a few personal friends of the Emperor, there were no others invited.

The Emperor has appointed from the persons of his household to wait upon the Queen during her stay, the Count de Montebello, the Marquis de la Grange, and Colonel Fleury. The ladies of the household of the Empress who have been appointed to the high honourable office, are Madame de Sauley and Madame de la Bédoyère.

MONDAY.

The Chateau de Saint Cloud was never seen to better advantage or formed a more delightful residence than at present, when the overpowering heat of the weather is agreeably reduced by the pleasant breezes that blow from the Seine. Her Majesty, who is always an early riser, was up unusually soon this morning, and, accompanied by the Prince and the Royal children, went into the lovely park and grounds to take the air.

EXPOSITION DES BEAUX-ARTS.

After breakfast, the Royal party, in eight open carriages and four, with postilions and outriders in the Imperial livery, left the chateau, and proceeding along the magnificent drive through the Bois de Boulogne, drove to the Exposition des Beaux-Arts in the Champs Elysées. The sun was shining in all his summer glory, but the tall trees that edge the road cast their cool shade upon the ground, so that her Majesty did not even make use of her parasol to protect herself from the burning rays. It seemed miraculous where the people had sprung up from that crowded the palings in the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Avenue Montaigne. As the procession passed by, the gentlemen took off their hats with the same quiet grace as if they had been bowing to a lady of their acquaintance, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs with gentle enthusiasm.

Before the principal entrance to the Palais des Beaux-Arts, a rich pavilion of crimson velvet, relieved with golden fringe and ornaments, had been erected; and, leading to the spot where the carriages drew up, the ground was covered with carpets. The care and luxuriance with which these arrangements are always made, strikes us Englishmen with wonder and admiration.

The Queen was attired in a gray silk dress, a simple white bonnet, and wore a mantle of the same colour, *double de rose*. We heard a lady by us remark upon the simplicity of her Majesty's costume, saying, "She looks more like a Parisian lady than a queen." The Emperor and the Prince both wore frock coats, and the Prince of Wales was in a round jacket and plain cloth cap.

On many parts of the road through which the *cortège* had passed, the ground was covered with flowers, which had been strewn before the carriages. Some were crushed into the earth by the wheels, and others were slowly dying, their bright colours departing and the green leaves withering in the burning sun.

Directly the carriages appeared in sight, the cries of "Vive Victoria!" "Vive la Reine!" burst from the crowd. Those on the pathway pushed forward, despite the efforts of the police, to catch a glimpse of the Royal party, and those who for more than an hour had been mounted on forms and stands were nearly toppled over by the swaying of the mob. But we saw one gentleman, who was of rather stout dimensions, pushed of his perch; as he fell, he uttered no cry of fear, but, simply, "Vive l'Empereur!" and then, with a fashionable oath, disappeared. Her Majesty seemed greatly pleased with the enthusiasm of the people, and continued bowing and smiling on all around her. We never beheld a countenance in which joy and contentment were more evidently depicted.

Prince Napoleon was in attendance, as President of the Imperial Commission, to receive the noble visitors. The Queen took the Emperor's arm, and, chatting together, they advanced to the gallery where the German pictures are exhibited. Prince Albert, with his Royal daughter leaning on his arm, and the Prince of Wales by his side, followed after her Majesty, looking the picture of a happy father. As they passed along, Prince Napoleon would every now and then draw her Majesty's attention to some interesting object. She goodnaturedly listened to him, and you could almost guess the nature of the conversation from the expression of her countenance. Either it was the eye brows raised in wonder, or the smile of pleasure, or the doubting look of half belief.

At the Queen's request (so we were told), the public had been admitted, as usual, by paying at the doors; but the kindness led to great inconvenience, for as there were more persons anxious to have a peep at the Queen than her Majesty had any notion of, the building was so crowded that the temperature was raised to the heat of a vapour bath, and it was almost impossible to move about.

As they proceeded through the different rooms, Prince Napoleon directed her Majesty's attention to several of the more celebrated pictures, and, whenever he did so, up went the Queen's eye-glass, and she either walked slowly or stood still to admire the *objet d'art*. When her Majesty passed the portrait of Madame Sontag, she stopped of her own accord, as if grateful to the image of one who had so often delighted her with her magical voice. She looked upon the portrait as if conscious of the dreadful death the unhappy lady had met with in America. When the Royal party reached the "French Room" (where the works of native artists are exhibited), she had scarcely entered, before the compact mob gave such a terrific shout of "Vive la Reine!" that we expected to see the glass roof crack into a thousand pieces and fall in a shower of glass. The Queen drew back in nervous astonishment, and the Emperor held up his hand, as if he were asking for "silence, gentlemen." It was impossible to proceed; but far from seeming annoyed, her Majesty half laughed, and, turning round, made a rapid retreat from the pelting storm of enthusiasm.

Whilst her Majesty was looking at the *toiles* of M. Horace Vernet, and admiring their vigorous style and incomparable drawing, the Emperor—with whom the military artist is a great favourite—introduced him to the august lady. "I have to thank you," said the Queen, in French, "for the pleasure your pictures have afforded me." Another celebrated gentleman, M. Delacroix—who is decidedly the best colourist in France—received a similar honour. The well-known portrait of the Empress, by Winterhalter, caused her Majesty to stay for some minutes, during which she frequently pointed out to the Emperor those portions of the countenance to which she considered proper justice had not been rendered. She particularly instanced the eyes; and it is a curious fact, often spoken of among French painters, that, as yet, no master has been able to catch the exact expression of the Empress Eugénie's eyes.

THE ROYAL CORTÈGE LEAVING THE PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS.

It was past two o'clock before their Majesties left the Palais des Beaux-Arts. The Queen found the same crowd that had seen her enter, still waiting to see her leave. The cheering again commenced. Cabs and carriages stopped, and heads were thrust from the windows; the *gamins* climbed up trees, and all the heads in the crowd went bobbing up and down, like the bubbles in a boiling cauldron. Her Majesty's neck must have ached from bowing, for she never ceased to salute the mob until the carriages were in motion.

When the Queen once more made her appearance on leaving the building, the same cries rose up from the multitude—so loud this time, that the magnificent horses harnessed to the imperial carriages, started with astonishment, and cocked their ears forward like horns, as though they were thunder-struck at hearing Frenchmen indulge in such rude and boisterous shoutings. "Which is the Queen?" asked a woman excitedly. "There," we answered, pointing in the direction of her Majesty. "Vive la Reine," she instantly screamed out, and continued doing so until she was exhausted, when she quietly told us that she had not as yet made use of the cry, because she was afraid of doing homage to the wrong lady. The Princess Royal was also tenderly inquired after, and pronounced, by a good dame who kept a lemonade stall, "to be a charming petite demoiselle, and as like the daughter of a bourgeois, as two prunes."

PALACE ELYSÉE—LUNCHEON.

The Royal *cortège* next proceeded to the palace of the Elysée, where the noble visitors were to lunch, and a reception of the corps diplomatique to take place. Along the entire road, the crowd was collected in a dense line, and loud acclamations greeted her Majesty at every point. As you looked from the open road, at the thick embankments of human beings, it reminded you somewhat of being in the centre of a circus, and with the spectators gathered around.

The carriages entered the court-yard of the palace by the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The Queen ascended the broad stone steps leaning on the arm of the Emperor, and silently gazing about her at the architecture of the building. She seemed somewhat surprised at the excessive simplicity of the hall, which is painted in imitation of marble and stone. The big Swiss, with his broad sword-belt of red cloth and gold, soon put an end to these reveries, by going through his evolutions of reception.

Whilst the Queen was lunching, carriages containing those who were to be presented kept driving in rapid succession into the court-yard. The fine white gravel which had been strewn about, crunched beneath the wheels, and seemed to splash like water from the hoofs of the prancing horses. The invited were dressed in every variety of gorgeous costume. Now an aged general in his richly gold-embroidered coat, crept slowly up the steps, leaning on the arm of his aide-de-camp, or a young officer of

hussars, nearly covered with gold cord, ran quickly up, and was in the interior of the palace almost before the carriage-door had slammed to again. There were blue trousers with gold stripes, and cream-coloured ones with silver stripes. Red coats and blue coats with wonderful buttons, and still more wonderful button-holes, and magnificent hip and shoulder and breast embroideries. Some of the generals had *bottes* spotted over with decorations, as thickly as the pendants to a genealogical tree. Every time a fresh "brave" made his appearance, the servants in waiting rose from their seats, and the Swiss behaved in the most flattering manner, not perhaps in a style so thoroughly magnificent as when her Majesty passed, but still his actions and bearing were both consoling and patronising.

THE RECEPTIONS.

A little before two o'clock, when everybody had eaten enough to make them wait for dinner with patient submission, the reception took place. The only person who was not present was the Turkish ambassador, who has been suffering from illness ever since he has been in Paris. His health has not even permitted him, as yet, to pay his homage to the Emperor. The Queen, on hearing of this, instantly despatched a messenger to the Embassy to offer her condolence to the representative of her ally.

The Queen, with Lord Clarendon on her right hand, stood at the end of the narrow corridor in which the receptions took place. As each gentleman passed, Lord Cowley, who was next to Lord Clarendon, communicated the name to the British Minister, who in his turn communicated it to the Queen. After the gentlemen belonging to the English Embassy had been presented, her Majesty and the Prince proceeded to another apartment, where the corps diplomatique were assembled, and were presented.

During the ceremony, the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, took a walk in the gardens of the Palace, evidently for the purpose of enjoying a cigarette, for no sooner was he in the grounds, than came the little paper roll, and in a second he was enjoying the odour of the white smoke that curled from his mouth with the gusto of a man who has for a long time been forced to abstain from his favourite habit. The Prince ran chatting by his side. What they were talking about it is impossible to say, but they both laughed a good deal; and, indeed, became such good friends, that we see no prospect of a quarrel ever taking place between the future King of England and the present Emperor of France. After the walk and cigarette, as the presentations were not over, the Emperor ordered his private phaeton to be brought, and, attended by two grooms, took the young Prince out for a drive, he himself taking the reins. They were followed by the acclamations of the people.

SAINTE CHAPELLE.

About three o'clock the Royal party entered the carriages, and proceeded to visit the Sainte Chapelle. They were escorted by a body of the Cent Gardes. This regiment is composed of the tallest men in the army, none of them being less than six feet four in height. With their splendid helmets and bright cuirasses shining in the sun, they looked like illuminated giants. It required blue spectacles to look at them properly. Everywhere when the procession passed, the shouts accompanied it. People rushed to windows, servants and masters mixed together—indeed, in some cases the servants happening to be the first, got the best places, and stuck to them until the carriages had passed, when they began their "thousand excuses."

The Royal party entered the Sainte Chapelle, through the Palais de Justice. This magnificent building has been superbly decorated for the honourable visit. All the windows had velvet draperies hanging from them, and, on the noble stone steps leading to the entrance, carpets had been laid down. Banners had been fastened up on every possible place; indeed, the walls are so covered with them, that the building might be said to have been built with "flag" stones. A monster *banderole*, on which was the simple inscription of "A Victoria" was suspended across the street from the Palais de Justice to the Prado—a casino placed in the vicinity of the law courts, as the students say, so that the successful suitors may be allowed, without interruption, to dance for joy. All the honsetops were crowded; indeed, it almost made you sick with fear, to see men, that looked mere specks from the extreme height of the buildings, clinging to chimney pots and resting on gutters. The windows were white with the lace toilettes of the ladies looking out from them, and the streets were nothing but a black mass, like so many monster bottles arranged in rows on the pavement.

It is impossible in a few lines to give even a notion of the beauty of this building. One gentleman has endeavoured to do so in a book of 900 pages, and failed for want of space. It is the wonder of the world. The rich colouring of its pillars and walls, the elaborate carving and costly gilding, make you almost melancholy from their extreme perfection; for the work appears so delicate, that you feel a dread lest it should fade and be destroyed. When her Majesty entered, the sun was shining brightly through the stained glass windows, and she had to walk through a shower of the most brilliant colours, which spotted her white mantle with a thousand hues. The architect—M. Lassus—to whom has been entrusted the restoration of Pierre de Montreuil's master-piece, was in attendance to receive the Royal party. An immense carpet covered the whole of the paving of the chapel, and crimson velvet covering had been placed on the stone seats against the walls of the edifice.

NOTRE DAME.

On their way to the cathedral of Notre Dame, their Majesties found that all the workmen who inhabit this part of Paris, had left their work (that is to say, paid so much of their time) for the pleasure of seeing the English Queen. Dressed in their blouses and casquettes, and with their wives and children by their side, they received her Majesty with a polite and manly welcome that evidently astonished and enchanted. She bowed to them in an earnest and pointed manner, as if she valued the good opinion of the brave workmen around her.

On the steps of the Hospital of Hôtel Dieu were ranged the holy sisters of the order of Saint Augustine, whose office it is to attend to the sick. Dressed in their robes of white, they saluted the *cortège*, and you may be sure it was feelingly responded to by the lady to whom the salutation was addressed.

At the porch of Notre Dame stood Mgr. l'Archevêque de Paris, dressed in priestly magnificence. He addressed the Queen, expressing the desire he felt in seeing her in Paris, and told her that he and his clergy would invoke Heaven to watch over her, and maintain the alliance which had already brought about so many blessings.

After inspecting the interior of the building, her Majesty re-entered her carriage, to drive off in the direction of the tower of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, where it drew up for a second to allow the Royal party to look at one of the oldest monuments in Paris. When passing before the Hôtel de Ville, the *cortège* also stopped for a short time.

This finished the first day's sight-seeing in Paris. On their return to St. Cloud, the Royal party, after an hour's repose, sat down to a grand banquet, to which sixty of the noblest ladies and gentlemen in France were also invited. At 9 o'clock, a performance took place in the theatre of the palace, where the company of the *Français* acted in Alexander Dumas' comedy of the "Demoiselles de St. Cyr," both the Mlles. Brohan and M. Regnier playing in their original parts.

TUESDAY.

THE VISIT TO VERSAILLES.

The fêtes in honour of the Queen's visit threaten to destroy the complexion of all the Parisian ladies, and we may add gentlemen, for they delight in a transparent satin skin almost as much as their fair countrywomen do. We saw a little lady in the Champs Elysées, looking with sorrowing eyes upon the difference of tint between the alabaster purity of her hand, and the brown slightly-baked hue of her round wrist. A bracelet of sienna marked the line where the glove had ceased to protect the flesh from the burning sun.

We should like to know how much money was taken yesterday at the two stations of the Versailles railway. (*Rive droite et gauche?*) From the crowd that besieged them, we should imagine that the next dividend will be a "bumper." The directors must have rubbed their hands with delight, and felt their hearts expand with affection for the Queen who caused the golden shower. So immense was the multitude, that in the struggle for places, no order could be maintained, and those with first-class

ickets were only too glad to obtain third-class seats. However, we are delighted to announce that no dresses were torn, or shawls wrenched off; for beyond a severe crumpling, the toilettes arrived at their destinations in perfect safety.

At Versailles, there was plenty of elbow room for everybody. The tens of thousands who, in a half-roasted condition, had crept out panting from the ovens of railway carriages, soon grew cool in the refreshing breeze that swept over the gardens. The cries of "Mon Dieu, quel chaleur!" gradually lost their piercing expression of agony, and eventually changed to "Quel beau temps!" Dresses were shaken out until every flounce had regained its pristine elegance; and, after an ice, or a glass of "eau glacée," the red faces slowly toned down into their natural white and pink.

Everything was in readiness to receive the Queen, for the municipal authorities had been making the workmen slave all night, coaxing them with promises of everything, and keeping their strength up with numerous *petit verres*. In the avenue of St. Cloud, an "arc de triomphe" with three arches had been erected, and on one side was inscribed "Victoria and Albert," and on the other "Napoleon and Eugénie." The road leading from the *octroi* was covered with gravel, on which nobody was allowed to walk, for a foot print would have caused the authorities as much alarm, as these on the sea-side sand did to worthy Robinson Crusoe. Tall masts, painted red, had been fixed up on both sides of the Boulevards (every French town has its Boulevards), and from them floated different coloured streamers and oriflammes, richly decked with gold embroideries. Of course the houses were covered with flags of both nations, that waved lazily in the wind, merely moving a little to one side as if to allow the guest to go by.

At a short distance from the "arc de triomphe" was an estrade covered with crimson velvet, where all the civic and military authorities were collected together, with the *prefet du département* at their head. Every flag-post was guarded by two soldiers of the 48th Regiment of the Line. These men had taken part in the capture of Bomarsund, and were chosen on that account; for her Majesty, it was imagined, would take an especial interest in gazing upon those who had shared, with her own brave subjects, the dangers and honours of the Baltic campaign. As far as the eye could reach, soldiers guarded each side of the road, and behind them was the crowd, moving restlessly in search of good places, or else raised-up seats and forms, and staring anxiously in the direction of the expected procession.

Scarcely had it struck twelve, when the news ran along the crowd that the Queen had arrived. The *cortège* was preceded by a body of mounted spears, whose long black beards hung down their white leather aprons, as long as a horse's nose bag.

The Queen, the Princess Royal, the Emperor, and Prince Albert, were as usual seated in the second carriage. Her Majesty, as well as her Royal daughter, was dressed in white, and wore a green veil. She vainly endeavoured to protect herself from the burning sun with her parasol, but the rays seemed to pierce the silken shield as easily as a shower of rain. The Prince Consort wore a light summer suit, which from its unpretending neatness, gained the admiration of all the ladies, and from its coolness, the envy of all the gentlemen. This *négligé* proved that the Royal party were enjoying a pleasant country trip, rather than a ceremonious official visit. Three other carriages were occupied by the Prince of Wales, the ladies of honour, the Earl of Clarendon; and four char-a-bancs, each with twelve seats, contained the remainder of the noble company: and the whole procession was escorted by cuirassiers of the Guard.

HISTORY OF THE PALACE.

The history of the palace of Versailles may be narrated in a few lines. Louis XIII., who was passionately fond of the chase, often went to hunt in the forest of Saint-Leger, near Versailles; but growing tired of having to sleep in windmills, and way-side cabarets, he had a *parillon* built for him. Gradually he became so attached to the place, that the *parillon* was increased to a *château-en-briques*. When Louis XIV. ascended the throne, he caused all those additions to be made to the simple brick dwelling which were necessary to convert it into an immense palace. Out of respect to the memory of his father, he would not allow the original chateau to be pulled down or altered. The architect, Mansard, supplicated in vain that it should be removed. He even asserted that the foundations were bad, and the building unsafe. "If it is unsafe," replied the King, "it must be pulled down, but it shall be rebuilt as it now stands."

It is, therefore, to a king's passion for the chase, that the French people are indebted for the most beautiful palace and gardens in the world. It is strange how fond all the Bourbons were of this exercise. The unfortunate Louis XVI. had been shooting in the woods of Meudon, and was writing in his diary,—"Went shooting at Chatillon, and killed eighty-one birds," when news was brought him that the people were marching on Versailles to carry off the Royal family to Paris. He then added to what he had just written,—"Interrupted by events." Since the death of that king, Versailles has ceased to be a royal residence. Napoleon disliked the place; and at St. Helena, he regretted even the little money he had expended upon the *riviera battante*. Louis Philippe devised the only use to which the vast edifice should be turned. He transformed it into a national and historical museum, where painting and sculpture are made to relate the past glories of the nation. In this respect it somewhat resembles—but on an infinitely larger scale—our Hampton Court.

THE PAINTINGS.

The first apartment visited by the royal party, was the "Salle du Sacre" which is so named from a remarkable picture by David, considered to be his *chef d'œuvre*, called "The Sacre de Napoleon." Another wonderful painting by the same artist, "The Distribution of the Eagles," is also in this room. Her Majesty, in compliment to the nephew of the "great Captain," could not do otherwise than devote a few moments to the contemplation of these works of art.

In the "Salle de 1793," to which the Queen was next conducted, are the portraits of the generals of the armies of Napoleon before they attained their high ranks, and whilst simple officers or common soldiers. Lieutenant-Colonel Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of the French; Lieutenant-Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, and Sous-Lieutenant Murat, afterwards King of Naples. The portrait which seemed particularly to fix the attention of the Queen, was that of Sergeant Jean de Dieu Soult. His hair was white when she had known him in England, and that uniform of coarse cloth had been exchanged for the gorgeous apparel of a Marshal of France, but she appeared to recognise the countenance. What a bitter satire upon our selfish army regulations these portraits must have seemed to the Royal lady!

The Galerie des Batailles was next visited. It is an immense apartment, nearly 400 feet in length. To construct it, a great number of small rooms were by the orders of Louis Philippe pulled down. The immense pictures which are hung against the walls represent all the great French victories, from Tolbiac down to Wagram. The Queen stopped before the painting of the battle of Fontenoy, in which the English are routed and retreating. The Emperor, who no doubt felt embarrassed, turning to her Majesty, said, "You must forgive that picture, for such subjects are scarce with us;" to which the Queen replied, "I wish, for both our sakes, they had been scarcer still."

Retracing their steps, the Royal visitors made the best of their way to what was formerly called "Les Petites Appartements." One of them was pointed out to the Queen as that in which Louis the Fourteenth used to amuse himself at billiards, of which game he was so excessively fond that he made one of his gentlemen (Chamillart) a Minister of State, merely because he handled his cue with wonderful dexterity. Unfortunately for France, this nobleman only commenced making *racquets* when he had assumed his dignity. A satirist has said of him, "He was a hero at billiards, and a zero in the ministry."

The Queen was next conducted to the "Grande Galerie des Glaces." It was in this immense gallery that Louis the Fourteenth gave his most gorgeous fêtes, and in it the state ball in honour of her Majesty's visit will also take place. The walls are entirely panelled with looking-glasses, and the saloon extends the entire length of the long terrace in front of the palace. From its windows a view of immense extent may be obtained. The undulating woods that hide Rambouillet, the sloping ground around Trappes, Saclay, and Saint Herbert, and the rich verdure of Bois d'Arcy,

form a landscape so varied in line and colour, and so rich in cultivation, that her Majesty remained gazing from one of the opened windows until she had stretched the politeness of her host to its fullest extent.

The chamber known as the "Él-dé-bout" (so called from the shape of one of its windows) was next traversed by the Queen on her way to the "Chambre à Coucher du Roi," where is preserved the bed on which Louis the Fourteenth used to sleep off the effects of his debauches. The ceremonies of putting that monarch to bed and of getting him up again in the morning, were described to her Majesty, who seemed much amused by the useless grandeur bestowed upon such simple operations. The details of these curious and silly formalities fill no less than twelve pages of printed directions. When Frederick the Great was first told of this long catalogue of ceremonies, he exclaimed in the midst of his laughter, "If I were the King of France, I'd appoint another King to do all that kind of work for me."

After walking rapidly through several other chambers, her Majesty was escorted to the chapel. As she approached the holy building, the deep notes of an organ were heard. As the Royal party advanced, the solemn sounds became more distinct, and then it was discovered that the prayer offered up to Heaven was that of "God save the Queen." For the first time since that palace had been the home of kings, was this, the national hymn of England, heard within its walls. How often had Te Deums been celebrated in the same sacred edifice for victories obtained over that British people whose Queen Heaven was now besought to protect and assist!

Whilst the Royal party were in the "Salle des Croisades," a telegraphic despatch was brought to the Emperor, who first read it attentively, and then handed it to the Queen. Her Majesty's eyes sparkled with delight as she perused its contents; and for the moment forgetting her dignity, she turned round with impulsive joy, and gave it to Prince Albert. The document was then shown to Lord Clarendon and the Minister of State. Judging from the expression of their countenances, there could be no doubt that good news had been received from the seat of war. It would be a curious and delightful surprise, if, whilst the Queen is visiting the land of her Imperial Ally, a victory should be obtained over their joint enemy, to add further importance to the event.

Although the public were not allowed to enter the Palace whilst the Queen was there, still the beautiful gardens were open to them, and, as at the Exposition des Beaux-Arts, her Majesty had another opportunity of mingling with the people, and receiving from them the homage of which she was the object.

THE GROUNDS—FOUNTAINS.

The carriages were ordered up, and the Royal party, escorted by the Cent Gardes, proceeded at a walking pace to view the grounds. Her Majesty was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The music of the bands stationed in different parts of the gardens was almost drowned in the cheering of the multitude. The Queen could not fail to look pleased, and she bowed around her with a friendliness that almost approached to familiarity.

The fountains of Versailles are indeed wonderful and beautiful. The greatest sculptors have expended their genius in devising the groups from which the *jets d'eau* gush forth. There is not a subject in any way appropriate to the making of a fountain that has not been taken advantage of. The gardens and park—designed and executed by the celebrated Le Nôtre—are the perfection of French garden architecture. If in the present day we can scarcely understand the singular geometrical taste, which clipping the trees with a despairing regularity, turns noble trees into the shape of the sugar-loaf or the fan, still we must do homage to the excessive talent with which the perspectives have been managed, and the harmony with which the whole has been planned.

The water with which the fountains are fed is supplied from several enormous reservoirs, which are situated between Versailles and Rambouillet. The drainage of upwards of 40 square miles, the rain, and the melted snow, flow into these reservoirs. Upwards of 150 miles of iron pipes are used in carrying the water to the gardens. It was a long time before a sufficient quantity of water could be obtained, and a thousand different schemes were tried, and upwards of eleven millions of francs expended, before the engineers succeeded in their object. Amongst other schemes, was that of employing the army in the formation of a canal. France was then at peace, and the 22,000 required for the labour could easily be spared, "to advance by a few years the pleasures of the King." Nearly one half of these soldiers perished from malaria; but according to Made. de La Fayette, "this inconvenience was unworthy of notice compared to the tranquillity which reigns in the Court," which simply means that, as soldiers are intended to be killed, it does not matter much whether they die in battle or in advancing by a few years the pleasures of the King.

Her Majesty seemed to be perfectly entranced by the loveliness of the gardens and the excessive taste and grandeur of the fountains. She was constantly turning from one side to the other, and asking questions about the meaning of the several sculptured groups. On arriving at the *Bassin de Latone*, she could not suppress the delight and wonder which she felt as she gazed upon the one hundred and sixty *jets d'eau* which cross and recross each other as they gush out from the gigantic lizards, tortoises, and toads that are supposed to have been ordered by Juno to destroy Latona and her two children by Jupiter, Apollo and Diana. Another extraordinary fountain before which the Royal carriages drew up for a few seconds is that of the *Bassin d'Enclade*. It is surrounded by a square clipped screen of evergreens, which enclose it like a wall. This son of Titan was the strongest of all the giants, and led the forlorn hope in the attempt to scale heaven and depose Jupiter. He is represented as he ought to have appeared after he had been tumbled down from the assault, nearly buried in fragments of rocks, with only his gigantic head and arms visible. From his mouth gushes forth a silver column 70 feet in height. The cracking, rushing sound, mingled with the enthusiastic cheering of the people, produced such an uproar that the blood-horses in the carriages began to snort and prance, and the grooms had to rush to their heads to keep them quiet. The most marvellous as well as the largest and most elegant of all the fountains is certainly the *Bassin de Neptune*. The crowds had flocked to this spot, knowing that her Majesty would be sure to visit it. The path was one compressed mass of human beings, whose forms were reflected in the dancing waters of the basin, and seemed to fill them with liquid colour. It is impossible to render the magical effect produced, when, from the mouths of the Gods, Tritons, Naiades, and sea-horses, the frothing streams dart forth, and fall hissing into the bubbling pool below. The Queen was amazed at the sight. She appeared to lose all consciousness of the immense crowds around her. Despite the hurrahs and vivas, her wide-opened eyes remained fixed upon the gushing waters, and with one of her hands she clung to the side of the carriage, as though the tremendous roar of the fountain half frightened her.

Lunch had in the mean time been prepared for the Royal party in the Petit-Trianon, and to this delightful cottage of a palace the *cortège* next proceeded. Scarcely had the carriages disappeared in the dark shady avenue, when the fountains ceased playing, and the crowd, relieved from the trouble of sight-seeing, began to chat about the *aimable Reine* and her *charmante famille*.

At the Petit-Trianon, the Empress joined the Royal company. The Queen embraced her with great affection, and inquired tenderly after her health.

The Palace of the Petit-Trianon, where the Queen lunched, was built by Louis XV., who endeavoured, in its solitude, to keep his debaucheries secret from the world. It was afterwards presented to Marie-Antoinette, by Louis XVI., and it was there that the Court amused itself by playing at farming. As the public had not been permitted to enter this portion of the park, her Majesty was enabled to visit, without any chance of interruption, the different parts of the Royal "farm-house," where Marie-Antoinette, in her large-brimmed straw-hat, used to preside over the dairy, milk cows, or fish in the lake; Louis XVI., in his magnificent costume of working bailiff, played at hay-making and gardening; and the Count d'Artois fulfilled the duties of a common gamekeeper, attired in a shooting-jacket of the costliest velvet.

THE OPERA.

In the evening, her Majesty paid a state visit to the Opera, when an extraordinary performance was given in her honour. The Boulevards, along which the Queen had to pass, were crowded to excess by an im-

patient multitude. In front of the different cafés, the chairs were all given up to ladies, who stood upon them, and held their pocket-handkerchiefs ready to wave in the air as the Queen passed. The immense Arc-de-Promptu, erected by the artists of the Opera, was illuminated with a gigantic chandelier, almost as large as an inverted Nassau balloon. This monster lustre was a miracle of stage carpentry. An old pair of opened steps formed the frame-work, to which pieces of wood were nailed to produce the required form. The ground-glass shades were replaced by paper lanterns, and the entire surface covered with thousands of coloured lamps, which hung in chains of different hues, and in the distance formed the outline with brilliant dots.

The front of the Opera in the Rue Lepelletier was decorated in all the glory of flags and gas. Along the cornices and around the windows were thin outlines of fire, and at certain distances along the street itself were pyramids of gas jets and flag-posts in full bloom with the colours of England and France. For an hour before the Queen arrived, long lines of carriages were slowly creeping up to the principal entrance, and depositing their lace-adorned occupants at the carpet-covered doors. The neighing of horses, the roaring of the gas, the shouts of the soldiers and the rattle of arms, were all mixed up together into a confused sound. From the balconies of all the six-floored houses were suspended paper lanterns, and the banners and escutcheons were crowded together over windows and doors and on roofs, in a profusion that made the walls look more as if they had been built with calico and bunting than bricks and stones. Everything was bright and crimson; it seemed as if the enthusiasm of the people had reached a red heat.

The entrance prepared for the Queen was magnificent and elegant. The rich velvet canopy and carpeted ground extended many yards into the street. A mass of flowers, whose perfume in the heated air filled the atmosphere around with a luxuriant heavyness, heaped in the path and staircase, so that it struck us that the full dresses at present in vogue would scarcely have room to pass along. The Cuirassiers who guarded the passage looked like men of fire, as the gas shone upon their breastplates, bright helmets, drawn swords, and big polished boots, in front of which, as in those in Warren's placards, a gentleman might have shaved himself without difficulty or cuts. We expected to see a gigantic Cent Guard who strode up the staircase, crack into pieces, like a looking-glass near the fire, so wonderfully did his armour glitter and reflect the light.

After enduring the excited scrutiny of the officials, we entered the theatre. To construct the Royal box, nearly all the *loges* immediately fronting the stage had been removed. An immense pile of velvet, looped up in every possible direction with golden cords and gilt eagles, surrounded and framed in the apartment their Majesties were to occupy. The appearance was rich, royal, and heavy. It seemed to fill the house and crush everything with its magnificence.

A shout came in from the street, and announced that the Queen had arrived. Instantly the multitudes of white cravats and waistcoats, the thousands of flower-adorned heads, rose up and turned towards the Royal box. We saw the door at the back open, the light streamed in at the aperture, and a white form, glittering with diamonds, entered. Uprose the shouts of "Vive Victoria!" and the orchestra, growing boisterous with enthusiasm, poured forth a deafening burst of music, which, as our ears grew accustomed to the sound, we found to be "God Save the Queen."

Never before have we witnessed so extraordinary a sight as that presented by the house that night. It was an excessively honourable company, for nearly every bosom had a star or an order upon it. Diamonds twinkled in all directions—on the wrists of arms moving with the fan, or on the white foreheads bending forward in conversation. There were Ministers from every country, dressed in all the variety of national costume, with coats heavy and thick with gold lace, or white waistcoats with broad cross bars of blue or crimson ribbons. The ladies in their lace dresses looked so light and soft, that you fancied you could almost blow them away like feathers.

Although at the commencement, curiosity got the better of politeness, and thousands of opera-glasses were focussed upon the Royal box, still, when the first glance had been satisfied, the audience gave over staring, and left her Majesty's countenance unassailed by their searching examinations. It must be a terrible sensation to feel that a thousand eyes are watching you, and we fancied we perceived a slight blush cross the Queen's face as though she was aware of and suffering from that feeling.

The evening commenced with a concert. The first piece sung was the trio from *Guillaume Tell*, sung by M.M. Gueymard, Merly and Obin, in which each gentleman showed more respect for the Queen of England than the composer of the music, for they shouted and roared with immense loyalty, and little taste. It was a relief when Madame Albani stepped forward, and, with her rich, flowing voice, sang the *variations de Hamlet*. So lovely was this lady's performance, that, despite the etiquette which forbade all applause, the audience could not refrain from crying out bravo, and clapping their white gloved hands. It was not their fault; if anybody ought to have been reprimanded, it should have been the singer, for having so charmed her hearers, that impulse took the place of judgment and discretion. The celebrated tenor, Roger, and M. Bonnehée, executed a duo from the *Reine de Cypre*, the one alarming you by the extraordinary length of his notes, for you every moment expected to hear his voice crack, like an over-tightened fiddle-string; and the other gentleman plunged into such labyrinths of *roulades*, that we were afraid he would lose his path before he got out of the musical maze. The Queen appeared delighted with Mlle. Cravelli's execution of the *Sicilienne*, from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, and paid marked attention to the music, partly, no doubt, from curiosity, for the opera has only lately been produced, but also, doubtless, from the faultless and delicious manner in which the *artiste* sang.

Behind the scenes we found everything in confusion. Gentlemen were continually running up to little holes in the scenes, and despite the agonising entreaties of the stage-manager, refusing to move until they had enjoyed a peep at the Royal box. Crowds clustered together at the sides, and threatened to destroy the effect of the *mise-en-scène*, by introducing a few dozen hats into the view represented. From the "green-room" came the sound of voices practising. Now it was M. Roger straining after an *ut de poitrine*, or a bass singer plunging deep into the ground after some equally impossible note. One of the Cent Gardes who was posted behind, had to endure the united screams of the young ladies who were to appear in the ballet, for the damsels, astonished by his great height, collected round him, and either arranged their hair in his breastplate, and declared that if he lived an honourable life, he might eventually hope to be esteemed as a bad looking-glass, or else they felt his coat-tails, to see if he was really living, or only a hair-dresser's wax image.

After the ballet of *La Fonti*, in which Mlle. Rosati and Mlle. Plunkett danced, the English Anthem of "God Save the Queen" was sung by the whole company. Everybody in the house rose to do honour to the hymn, and, when it was ended, an encore was insisted upon. As the last verse was being sung, the scenes at the back of the stage opened, and discovered a view of Windsor Castle, surrounded with heraldic decorations. Suddenly the whole theatre was illuminated by the electric light, which made the gas look muddy-red and pale from its excessive brilliance, and, we think, thoroughly spoilt the view it was intended to ornament. The dark shadows it cast made the scenes look flat, and the dresses, which in the gas looked imposing and tasteful, became tawdry and tricky in the overpowering blaze of electricity.

But the audience applauded, and seemed enchanted; and as that was the object aimed at, we have no right to grumble.

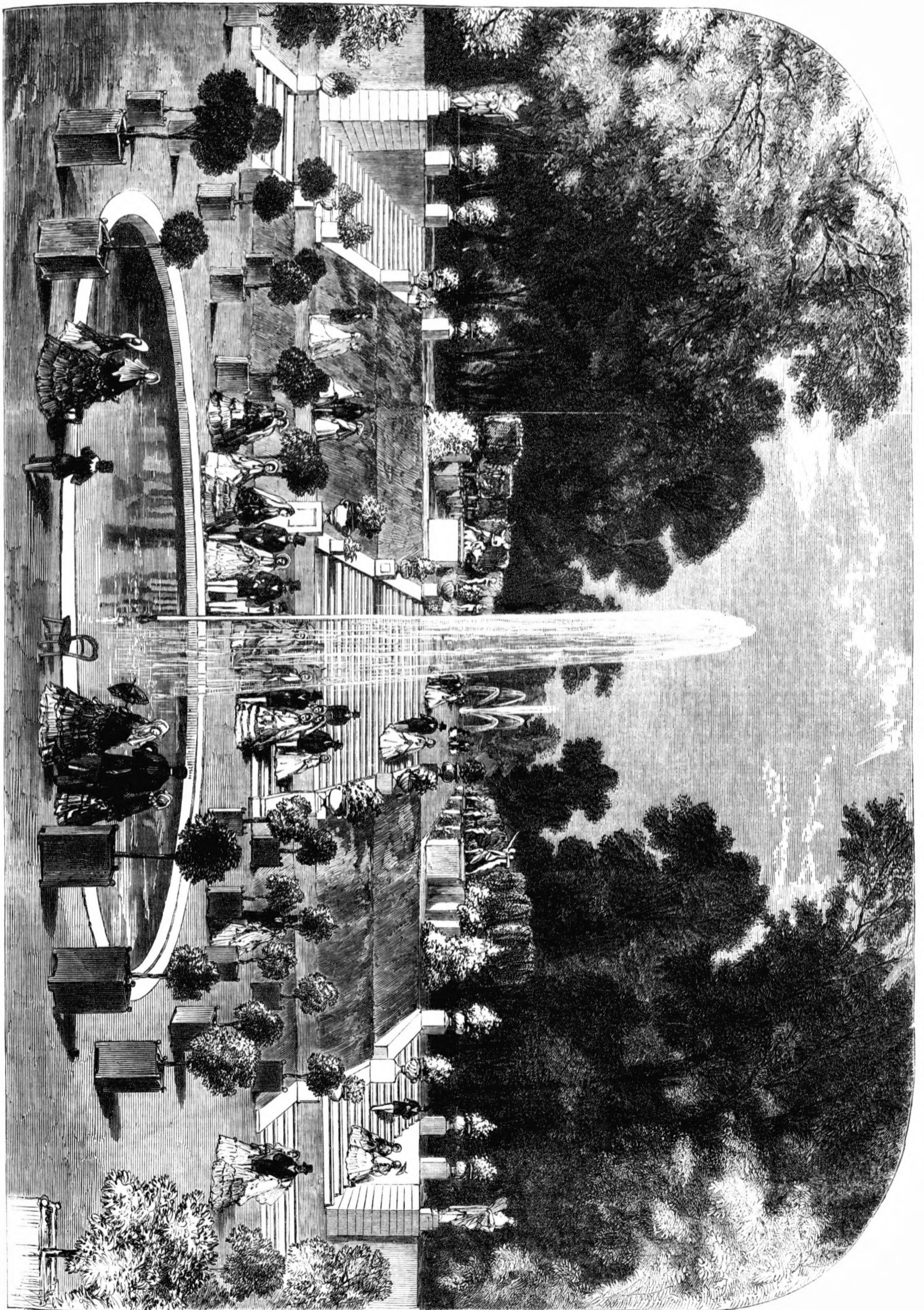
When her Majesty left the theatre, the shouts and applause of the mob waiting outside, rose up suddenly as if a spring had been touched. The acclamations followed her to the Boulevards, and accompanied her on her way home.

The illuminations had nearly burnt themselves to death by the time we reached the streets. The multitude had departed to rest in the chairs in front of the Cafés, and to refresh their tired throats with *grogs* and *sour-bels*. The paper lanterns on the balconies were catching fire and falling into the streets, and bodies of soldiers, worn out with fatigue, were crawling back to their barracks, carrying their guns in every variety of position that allowed a little ease to their aching arms.

(Continued on page 209, Supplement.)



THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL PARTY ASCENDING THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE PALACE OF SAINT CLOUD.



THE ORANGERY IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS OF SAINT CLOUD.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

THE advices from Dantzic, Aug. 24, state that with the bombardment of Sveaborg the operations of the Baltic fleet will, in all probability, be brought to a close for this season. All the mortar vessels left on the 19th: the *Engelien* will convey them as far as the Belt, and the *Basiliak* (which vessel, having burst one of her boilers, is going home for repairs) is to accompany them on to Engstrand. Rather an interesting fact in connection with this subject is, that during the late attack on Sveaborg the English mortar vessels alone fired 3,150 shells, weighing 500 tons, to an average distance of two miles and one furlong.

On the 16th, Admiral Seymour arrived in the *Edinburgh* at Cronstadt, to take the command of the squadron stationed there; this, however, will soon be compelled, in consequence of the continued bad weather, to seek another and a safer anchorage. Seskar Island is spoken of as the place likely to be chosen for this purpose. Admiral Baynes left Cronstadt in the *Retribution* on the 18th, and after communicating with the Commander-in-Chief at Narvik, proceeded on a cruise up the Gulf of Bothnia.

On the 15th six Russian gun-boats came out from Cronstadt, and, having intimated by their movements that they were prepared to measure their strength with any vessel that dared to go out to meet them, the *Imperieuse*, *Bulldog*, and *Centaur* were ordered to slip in close and try to cut them off. The Russian gun-boats, however, beat a retreat as quickly as possible into shallow water, evidently in the hope that our large vessels would attempt to follow; in this, however, they were disappointed. The *Imperieuse*, *Bulldog*, and *Centaur* opened a brisk fire upon them, which was returned. The engagement lasted about two hours; little damage was done on either side.

The present stock of wheat at Dantzic amounts to about 2,000 lasts only. Wheat crops this year are said to be very defective and inferior.

THE RECENT ATTACK ON SWEABORG.

In the accounts published of the bombardment of Sveaborg, it is particularly mentioned that a large imperial Russian flag was seen flying on one of the buildings, but which was not hoisted on the second and third days. Private accounts received at Stockholm on the 20th ult., from Helsingfors, state, that the building in question was the habitation of the Grand Duke Constantine, who had come down from St. Petersburg expressly to be present at the expected attack, and to excite the ardour of the Russian troops by his presence. The flag attracted the especial notice of the attacking ships, and particularly served as a mark for the mortar vessels, in consequence of which the building was soon reduced to a mass of ruins, but the Grand Duke escaped unhurt. From the same accounts, it appears that the navigation department on board the fleet was carried on with consummate skill and an extraordinary knowledge of the intricacies of the approaches, which reflects the highest credit on the masters of the different ships. The writer, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair, in describing the events, confesses that the Russians were taken completely by surprise on being attacked from a side, the channel to which had been considered always impracticable by their own pilots, and that they were, therefore, not prepared to see the hostile ships approach from that quarter. The writer describes the third explosion, on the 9th instant, as the great event of the day. He states, that on the 11th, at noon, the whole of the buildings in Sveaborg were one mass of flames, and all the attempts made to put out the fire were of no avail.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER ON THE BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG.

THE following important letter has appeared in the columns of several of the morning papers. It was in the first instance addressed to the Editor of the "Times." We give it *in extenso*:—

"Sir—Last year the Admiralty thought proper to cast reflections on me because I did not attack Sveaborg in the latter end of last October, I felt indignant at such reflections, and replied as a British admiral ought to do. This led to an angry correspondence, and subsequently to my being deprived of the command of the Baltic Fleet.

"I demanded inquiry on my conduct, which was refused. I appealed to the Cabinet, and received no reply; and, finally, to the House of Commons. The papers were refused, under the plea that it would be injurious to her Majesty's service.

"As Sveaborg has now been bombarded, that plea is at an end, and the time is come to tell the 'reason why' it was not attacked last year.

"After the capture of Bomarsund, Sveaborg was again examined, and it was the opinion of the French marshal, the admirals, and myself, that we had not the proper means to attack so formidable a fortress—we had neither gun nor mortar vessels—and that the season of the year was much too advanced.

"General Jones was of opinion that by landing 5,000 men on the island of Bak-Holmen, throwing up works, and then making a simultaneous attack with the fleet, it might be reduced in seven or eight days. This plan was unanimously rejected. General Niel was of opinion that it might be knocked down in a couple of hours by seven or eight sail of the line; but he added, that it would be an operation *tres hardi*,—that such an operation had never been attempted, and it was not his province to recommend it.

"These opinions were sent home; the people of England were not satisfied, and I was instructed by the Admiralty to hold a council of war, to inquire whether any further operations could be attempted.

"The French marshal and his army were gone; the council was therefore limited to the allied admirals, who replied that no further operations could be attempted at that season of the year, and with the means at our disposal.

"Before this report was received, another order was sent out to examine General Jones's plan; the French marshal being gone, the council was not held.

"A few days after came a third order, to assemble a council of war to examine General Niel's plan.

"The French admiral was justly indignant at being again called upon, even before the first report had arrived, and declined attending. The council was in consequence limited to the British admirals, and they reported that they saw no reason to change their opinions.

"Shortly after this, the French admiral received orders to withdraw the French fleet from the Gulf of Finland, which order was communicated to the English Government on the 1st of September. On the 18th, the French fleet sailed, and I proceeded to Narvik, that I might again examine Sveaborg, and see if there was the smallest probability of making a successful attack on it without compromising the safety of the fleet.

"Up to this time things had gone on smoothly enough with the Admiralty. I received nothing but praise and approval of my conduct, except in one instance, that I was checked for leaving Wingo Sound, their Lordships having forgot that they had directed me to follow Lord Clarendon's orders, which I had done.

"Sir James Graham's praises were also fulsome to a degree; but when he saw the people were becoming dissatisfied, he began to cast about, and see whom he could blame, and his 'My dear Sir Charles' was turned into 'My dear Admiral.' I guessed what was coming; but I certainly did not expect the treachery I experienced; and though he returned to 'My dear Sir Charles,' I saw he was no longer to be trusted.

"On the 26th of September, I went off Sveaborg in the *Lightning*, piloted by Captain Sullivan, through an intricate passage of sunken rocks, little more than a quarter of a mile wide, and stopped abreast of Goharn Island, about two miles south of Gustavus' Sword.

"The sunken rocks are shown in the small Russian charts only. From this position the fortress appears like batteries perched one on the other, pointing towards the sea.

"On the southern face of Gustavus' Sword and Vargen, 77 guns cover the approach of a fleet from the southward, besides 29 guns on three batteries at Bak-Holmen. The three-decker lies on the entrance of the passage between Bak-Holmen and Gustavus' Sword, and her broadside also covers the approach from the south.

"We could not get a view of the western defences; and I think General Niel, having only seen the western part of the fortifications for a short time, and at a greater distance, was rather hasty in giving an opinion that eight or ten sail of the line would lay it in ruins in two hours.

"There was not time to find a passage through the rocks, to enable us to see the western face, at the northern end of which a line-of-battle ship was placed to cover the entrance by Langholm, and another at hand to support her. In my former report I agreed with Captain Washington that the fleet could lie in Miolo Roads in the summer. It is now more difficult, as batteries have been built on the south point of Sandhamn, but they could be destroyed.

"I wrote to the Admiralty to say, if Sveaborg was attacked by a fleet alone, they would approach from the south in one line, raked by 160 guns; one or two of the leading ships would anchor and occupy the batteries at Bak-Holmen; the next would pass on, fire a broadside into the three-decker, and anchor clear of her broadside against the south-west angle of Gustavus' Sword; she would be followed by the next, pouring a broadside into the three-decker, and anchor ahead of her leader, and so on in succession, as close as the ships could lie. By this time the three-decker would probably be sunk, and the whole western face of Sveaborg engaged.

"A small squadron would be required to anchor south of Langholm. They would have to contend against it, and two or three line-of-battle ships, and what guns were in Helsingfors.

"All the passages should be buoyed, and small steamers stationed in the narrowest and most dangerous channels. The large steamers would be under weigh in various directions, to assist ships in difficulties; and a reserved squadron ready to take the place of disabled ships.

"Whether this attack would succeed or not, it is impossible to say, for we must calculate on ships being set on fire by red-hot shot and shells, of which there would be abundance; and whether successful or not, it is evident the ships would be in no condition to meet the Russian fleet afterwards; and if the attack were made at this season of the year, when you cannot depend upon the weather for two years, I do not know how many would be lost. I begged their Lordships not to suppose for a moment that Sveaborg could not be attacked, for I thought it could, but it must be with caution and judgment.

"I went on to say, that I had little to add to the report I sent to Sir James Graham, a copy of which I sent to the Admiralty, and a copy of which I send to you, sir."

"Since that report, an attack has become easier; we have now Lancaster guns—every ship in the fleet should be furnished with them; 13-inch mortars should be placed on Langholm Island and Vargo Rocks. The French occupied one of these positions; five mortars were damaged, two burst. Why the English did not occupy another island is not stated. Again, gun-boats, carrying Lancaster guns, should be added to the fleet; they should be placed at different points, at proper distances from the fortifications, well furnished with shot, shells, and rockets, and a bombardment commenced, and continued till the wooden buildings, of which there are many, were set on fire, and an evident impression made on the fortress; the ships should then close up and finish the work.

"How long this would take I could not say; but I was quite certain the fortress would be laid in ruins, and, most probably, an entrance opened to the ships.

"I have said nothing about troops; but there is no doubt they could be usefully employed.

"It will be seen by what I have written, and by Admiral Dundas's despatch, had my plan been followed up to the letter, Sveaborg would have been annihilated.

"It appears, the Allies had only 43 gun and mortar boats, and many mortars have been disabled. They ought at least to have had 100. Sir James Graham, in a letter to me, said 200.

"Had that number been there, the bombardment would have been continued by means of reliefs, as men are relieved in the trenches. The mortars would have had time to cool, and the bombardment continued till not one stone was left on another, and an opening made for the ships to go in and finish the work.

"Instead of that, the Admiralty do not seem to have foreseen that mortars could not stand for ever, though they must have had reports from Sebastopol, and thus an operation, which appears to have been managed with great judgment, has only met with partial success, for Admiral Dundas in his report admits the sea defences were little injured.

"We appear to have suffered little or nothing either in men or ships, and had Admiral Dundas's means been greater, he might have continued the bombardment as long as the weather remained fine, and the fleets, instead of returning to Narvik, might have been at anchor in Sveaborg.

"The first year there might have been some excuse for the Admiralty not having means, but none the second.

"They received my report early enough, and if there was not time to build gun and mortar boats, there were plenty of vessels in the river fit to be converted, and plenty of money in the Exchequer—they had only to ask, and the whole country would have given it by acclamation. Instead of building gun and mortar boats, they built a parcel of iron floating batteries, which could hardly swim, and if they could, they would have been useless, for had they been placed within 400 yards of Sveaborg they would have been annihilated, and at 800 yards they would have done no harm.

"The first experiment on iron cost the country a million; and where are they? The second experiment not much less than half a million; and they have not yet left our ports, and probably never will. When will the country be tired of giving money to incapable men?

"The Ministers have been driven to reform the War Department—when will they think of reforming the Admiralty? Till they do, the people's money will be thrown away.

"The Admiralty do not seem to have contemplated the effect of a bombardment, though I told them, upwards of a year ago, what would happen; and if they had read history they would have known that Martinique was taken by mortars—there were not casemates for all the garrison, nor were there at Sveaborg.

"Admiral Dundas says it formed no part of his plan to attempt a general attack by the ships on the defences, and his operations were confined to such destruction of the fortress and arsenal as could be accomplished by mortars. Had Admiral Dundas been furnished with sufficient means, he would have contemplated an attack on the defences, and assembled the whole of his fleet, ready to take advantage of the terror and confusion occasioned by the gun and mortar boats; the heat of the conflagration alone would have kept the garrison from the guns, and the fleet would have been in Sveaborg, and the whole of the fortifications, islands and all, blown to the devil; instead of that, the wooden buildings and magazines are destroyed, and the work will have to be begun again next year.

"Admiral Dundas confirms my report last year about the intricacy of the navigation. He says, 'the intricate nature of the ground, from rocks awash and reefs under water, rendered it difficult to select positions for the mortar vessels at proper range;' yet Admiral Dundas was one of the board who censured me for not attacking Sveaborg (though I had not one gun-boat or mortar vessel) last winter, amongst rocks awash and reefs under water, when it now appears he could hardly place a gunboat; and that after having a whole summer for examining it.

TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

"Report, June 12, 1854.—The only successful manner of attacking Sveaborg, that I can see, after the most mature consideration, assisted by Admiral Chads, who is a practical man, and knows more about gunnery than any man in the service, is by fitting out a great number of gun-boats, carrying one gun with a long range, and placing them west of Sveaborg and south of Helsingfors. Every shell from them would tell somewhere, and perhaps not five per cent. from the enemy would take effect. Back them by the fleet to relieve the men, and in the course of the summer Sveaborg would be reduced to ashes, and Helsingfors also, if it was thought proper. And I don't see why we are to be nearly-moulted about it in time of war. The ships you, will see, could not be destroyed, because they could move out of the way.

"I was at the siege of Martinique many years ago. We could not batter Fort Bourbon, as it lay higher than the ground around it; but 50 mortars, in three weeks, plunging their shells into it, made it surrender; and whether mortars are placed on shore or in gun-boats is quite immaterial; indeed, the latter have the advantage, for when the shells begin to tell, and one's blood begins to warm, the ships would move up to the batteries, and close quarters would finish what the mortar-boats began. I sent you home, I think, copies of all the plans; and if you will lay them before the engineer and artillery officers, I will be bound for it they will agree with me, that that is the only way to destroy Sveaborg without an army superior to the Emperor of Russia's, which we are not likely to bring into the field. It is too late this year; but be all prepared next, now we know the anchorage, and begin early.

"I forgot to say, that the islands within range may all be put in requisition for 13-inch mortars. The expenses would be very great, no doubt; but if we are to bring the war to a conclusion, expenses must not be thought about."

water, when it now appears he could hardly place a gunboat; and that after having a whole summer for examining it.

"He has found out it is not easy to introduce large ships into the intricacies of Sveaborg. But I do not blame him for the manner I was treated—Sir James Graham is alone responsible, for he had the impulse to tell the Sebastopol Committee that if his colleagues did not do as they were desired, they should no longer be members of his board; and he told them further, that he had the right of turning officers' private letters into public ones, and they had no right to use his. Sir James Graham will tell that I, for one, will not obey his dictum. Sir James ought to be cautious, how he tampers with letters.

"Sir James Graham was one of the Ministers who sent a British army to Sebastopol in the middle of last September, without means of money, without food, proper tents, or clothing, and without hospitals, to pass a dreary winter and perish; and he was the Minister who wanted me to take a British fleet, in the end of October, to perish amongst the rocks of Sveaborg, and, to their shame, got two naval officers to put their names to the insulting letter he wrote me; and these men still remain in the Admiralty, and that is the way the navy of this country is managed.

"The two summers in the Baltic will be a lesson to them. They are in possession of my plans of attacking Cronstadt, and I daresay are in possession of Admiral Dundas's; and Sir James Graham and his two colleagues had better go next summer and carry them into execution.

"In a subsequent communication I shall prove my charge against the Admiralty of having perverted my letters; and

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"CHAS. NAPIER."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE "TIMES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The late Lord Erskine said that "no man could write a sentence that could not be turned against him;" and it has also been said, "when a man injures another he is sure to follow it up." These sayings are well exemplified in the leading article of the "Times" of the 26th.

You, Sir, were the first to find fault with my conduct in the Baltic, publicly and privately.

Publicly, by a leading article, headed, Great Public Disappointment; and privately, by a letter, dated the day the news of the capture of Sebastopol arrived. And the same day the Admiralty wrote me an insulting letter, and I suppose you were in communication with their Lordships.

I was weak enough to think you were my friend, and not wishing to forfeit your friendship, I wrote you a long letter, in explanation, of when you took no notice, and you have continued since to try to damage my reputation; but I do not think you take the country with you. I have been told that it is dangerous to oppose the "Times"—that they never forgive, but when the "Times" endeavours to injure me, dangerous as it may be, I will reply to them.

It is easy to see that your leading article has been written by an Admiralty scribe,—I should say the same man who wrote the insulting letters to me, and which shall shortly appear. And it is surprising that he does not perceive that, in continuing to persecute me, he is finding fault with Admiral Dundas. Surely, if I was to blame for not attacking Sveaborg last winter with the fleet, Admiral Dundas is much more to blame for not attacking it earlier in the summer with his fleet; but Admiral Dundas was too wise: he waited for his gun and mortar boats, and, even when he got them, he did not assemble his fleet, and he tells us he never contemplated attacking with his ships at all. He knew he had not gun or mortar-boats enough to pave the way for his fleet. He knew his mortars could not stand the bombardment that was necessary.

The "Times" says, "When it is considered that much of the execution at the late bombardment was done from a battery constructed on an island; that other islands were available for the purpose; that the ships of the line took part in the affair; and that after 45 hours' bombardment, the Allies were wholly untouched; we really cannot see why something could not have been done with the means at Sir Charles's disposal."

I quite believe that the "Times" cannot see; but the reason, Sir, is that they will not see. And though it is as clear as the sun at noon, that the whole of this damage has been done by gun-boats, mortar-boats, and rocket-boats, and mortars on the island; and that the two line-of-battle ships that took part were obliged to withdraw; and though they knew I had not one mortar in the fleet, they continue to malign me. It is unworthy of the leading journal of Europe—it is unworthy of you, Sir, to malign a man whom you once called your friend.

You do not even give me the credit of the plan of attack; but it is to be regretted that it was not carried out to the letter; and I have no doubt it would have been had Admiral Dundas possessed the means. And, I ask, why had he not the means? Why were not mortars placed on all the islands within range? Why was there not more mortar-vessels, to have enabled Admiral Dundas to follow up his blow; and why did he not contemplate an attack by the ships? Simply, because he saw, with a seaman's eye, that he had not the means of clearing the way for his large ships. Admiral Dundas, I have no doubt, was aware that the mortars would not stand such rapid firing as he was obliged to have recourse to; and, in point of fact, they did not, as I believe they are, all but one, *hors de combat*; and it is well Admiral Dundas did not attempt to close in, or he would have been 3 more roughly handled than his namesake was at Sebastopol.

I understand new mortars are gone out in the *Sanspareil*, but too late, as the boats are on their way home; and a high time, too, unless the Admiralty want them to stay for a fine day in the end of October.

The truth is, Sir, our rulers know nothing about the art of war. They have done nothing but blunder, and are ruining the country when they ought to be ruining Russia. I gave them the best chart of Sveaborg, and offered all the information in my power. I had well studied the question, and the state of the Baltic; but my opinion was never asked; nor was Admiral Chads's, nor, I believe, Admiral Plumridge's.

Sir James Graham thought proper to turn us all adrift, except Admiral Seymour, and then our experience was lost. Had my advice been followed and had we begun in the first week of July, with a proper number of vessels and the whole fleet assembled, every rock and shoal might have been buoyed, and gun and mortar boats placed on them within range, and a blow struck at the very vitals of Russia. The opportunity is lost, and next year they will be stronger than ever.

Mr. Roebuck has had his Sebastopol Committee. When Parliament meets, I trust he will have a Baltic Committee.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

August 26, 1855.

CHARLES NAPIER.

NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO GENERAL PELISSIER.

"GENERAL,—The fresh victory gained at the Tchernaya proves, for the third time since the commencement of the war, the superiority of the allied armies over the enemy in the open field; but if it does honour to the courage of the troops, it evidences no less the good arrangements you had made. Address my congratulations to the army, and receive them also yourself. Tell your brave soldiers, who for more than a year have endured unheard-of fatigues, that the term of their trials is not far distant. Sebastopol, I hope, will soon fall beneath their blows, and were the event delayed, still the Russian army, I know it through information that appears positive, would no longer be able, during the winter, to maintain the contest in the Crimea. This glory acquired in the East has moved your companions in arms here in France; they all burn to have a part in your dangers. Accordingly, with the two-fold object of responding to their noble desire, and of procuring some repose for those who have achieved so much, I have given such orders to the Minister of War, that all the regiments remaining in France may proceed in due succession to relieve in the East others which will return. You know, General, how afflicted I have been at being detained away from that army, which has again added to the fame of our eagles; but at this moment my regrets diminish, since you enable me to perceive the speedy and decisive success destined to crown so many heroic efforts.

"Whereupon, General, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping."

"Written at the Palace of St. Cloud, August 20, 1855.

"NAPOLEON."

THE END OF A CRIMEAN HERO.

We regret to announce the death of Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Queen's Military Commissioner to the Court of the Admiralty, who expired at Paris, on Friday, the 24th ult., aged 46. This gallant officer, the second son of Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., was appointed page of honour to the Prince Regent in 1819. He received his military education at Sandhurst, and in 1825 obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. From 1829 to 1838 he served as adjutant, and in the latter year was promoted to be brigade major, and served the 2nd battalion of Guards in Canada. In 1841, he obtained the command of the 23rd Fusiliers, being subsequently in command of the 1st battalion of the same regiment, holding the civil government thereof *ex officio*. He served the permanent lieutenant-governorship, but declined, pre-emptive service. Colonel Torrens at this time became involved in investigations which tended only to confirm his integrity and general character. In 1853 he was appointed assistant quartermaster-general at the War Office, which office he retained until nominated to the rank of lieutenant-general to a division of the army in Turkey, and served zealously and faithfully in the brilliant operations consequent thereon. At the battle of the Alma his division was engaged in support of cavalry, and the fourth division lost some men in recapturing two redoubts. General Torrens, on the morning of the memorable 5th of November, had but just returned from the trenches, when, under the direction of Sir George Cathcart, he led the left flank of the enemy with success, his horse falling under a volley of five bullets. General Torrens was in front cheering on his men, when he fell from a musket-shot passing through his body, lodging his lung, and splintering a rib: the bullet was found lodged in his chest. He was immediately carried from the field, and his friends ardently hoped that a retired life in his native country would permanently establish his health. Brigadier Torrens received the thanks of the Government for his services, and was promoted to be major-general. He died on the second week in last month, to enter on his duties at the War Office, and up to the time of her Majesty's arrival in the French capital, was apparently in his usual health. On that day he, with many distinguished subjects of her Majesty, was in attendance at the ceremony of the railway, and was detained there much longer than expected, owing to the late arrival of the Queen. When he returned home, he complained of spasms in the stomach, called in medical aid, and then took to his bed, which he was denied never to leave. The remains of the gallant officer were interred on Monday at Paris, in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

LORD DUNDONALD'S SCHEMES.

The following letter from Lord Dundonald has been going the round of the morning papers:—
Swaborg has been bombarded; and a formidable attack recently made on the besieging force at Sebastopol, has been gallantly repulsed: these facts, however, do not compensate for the sacrifice of life during two campaigns; nor for our outlay of sixty millions of money;—nor for the augmentation of Public Debt;—nor for the derangement of peaceful enterprises;—nor for the absence of military or naval triumphs.
Are we to await a third season, and the expenditure of thirty millions more, in the hope of a satisfactory result by means of additional floating batteries, mortar vessels, and steam gun-boats, furnished with larger mortars and cannons—devices which may be opposed by the like, or other expedients? Or is it intended patiently to await the effect of blockades on Russian finances?
Who are the true friends of Government? Those who acquiesce in the adoption of languid inadequate measures, or those who warn Ministers of the consequences of supineness and error, even at the risk of their displeasure?
How happened it, that as the prayer of my petition to Parliament was for inquiry into a subject for the benefit of the public service, that no investigation was moved for, and that the House was content with the very meagre official communication, that my "plans were so simple that they did not require explanation?"
Did the omission of declaring whether they were efficient or not fail to excite suspicion as to the fact? or had the minds of members been pre-occupied by interested misrepresentation, in order to avert the exposure of previous neglect in not having adopted my plans for the capture of Sebastopol?
I have no right to drag private friends, far less scientific or professional authorities, before the public, to testify to "schemes" of mine. One letter, however, sent to me by an eminent, liberal-minded, skilful practical engineer, with permission to use it as I thought proper, I annex, in the hope that some of the competent judges, aware of facts, may be pleased to indicate assent to, or dissent from, the opinion therein unqualifiedly expressed.
London, Aug. 25, 1855.

DUNDONALD.

"My LORD,—Having received from your Lordship a full explanation of your proposed plan of warfare, and having given the subject the most serious consideration, I am of opinion that, if your suggestions are vigorously carried out, under the protection of a naval or military force, a few hours would suffice to reduce a fortification which, under the usual system, would occupy a very much longer period, and that the result would be attained with a comparatively small loss of life to the attacking party.
(Signed) "CHARLES FOX."

"To Admiral the Earl of Dundonald, &c., &c."

STATE OF FEELING AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The following interesting letter from St. Petersburg, dated Aug. 16, describes the effects of the recent successes in the Baltic and Crimea. We quote a portion:—
"Two items of news, one from the Baltic and the other from the Crimea, are at this moment disturbing and alarming our population. I refer to the bombardment of Swaborg, and the battle near the Tchernaya, in the Crimea.
The bombardment of Swaborg has not by itself produced a very lively impression, for it is well known that all the exterior works of defence are carved in the rock, and that it is impossible to annihilate them, but we hear that the Allied fleets have destroyed all that it was possible to destroy, and Swaborg is the key to the pass which leads to Helsingfors, the capital, or at least the most important city, of Finland. It is to Helsingfors that the Russian aristocracy go for recreation; and this year, in spite of the war, the baths have preserved their usual popularity. The noblesse were there in great crowds as ever when the city was bombarded. Hence you may well understand the uneasiness produced by the attack. At St. Petersburg, we have seen nothing but people hurrying to the post to learn the news from Helsingfors, and trembling every day, and were prepared to open fire.
"Thus it is the consequences which might have followed the attack upon Swaborg, which have caused anxiety, but in the case of the Crimea it is very different. There Prince Gortschakoff does not seek to conceal the extent of the defeat which a numerous corps of the Russian army has experienced, and to which news the death of General Read is added.
"The bombardment of Swaborg, and the success upon the Tchernaya, show to every one beyond the possibility of doubt, the obstinacy with which the Western Powers intend to push the war against Russia, and they commence at last to understand at St. Petersburg the necessity of bringing together the troops and concentrating them in masses upon the points most menaced, and this gives rise to another necessity—that of moving the troops which form the principal garrisons. Thus, to prepare the army in Poland, it has been decided that it should be replaced in the service of the garrisons by some mobile militia, and already the militia of the governments of Koursk, Toula, and Pultava have received orders to move towards Poland, where they will replace a number of troops bound for Bessarabia.
"The situation of Russia to-day may be summed up in two words—misery and general discontent.
"Sugar, tea, and coffee are very dear, even at St. Petersburg. I can well understand the dearth of tea and coffee from the blockade in the Baltic and the occupation of the Black Sea; and as to the high price of sugar, there, it is true, numerous manufactories of beet-root sugar in Russia, but the manufactories are absolutely without hands. The discontent of the nobles has reached an extreme point in every province. The war has struck a fatal blow to commerce, to production, and to industry. There has, in fact, been raised, by successive recruitments, more than a quarter of the able-bodied labourers, and it is impossible to find a sufficient number for tilling the ground, or for working in the factories."

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

THE details which have arrived of this combat, show us that it was a brave and great attack, bravely and nobly repulsed. Our Allies have reason to be proud of their victory, for, by everybody's admission, the Russians advanced with the utmost gallantry. But, not only this, the Russians found the French comparatively unprepared. The rumours which had spread abroad of an attack had been spread so often, that they ceased to alarm. But when they proved true, the result was the same as it had always been: the Russians fight well, but they are, after all, unable to meet the regular troops of Europe with fair chances in the field. They have tried it now in every way, and the experiments are conclusive. They are masters of the science of war. They defend Sebastopol with the highest ability, according to the rules which are laid down for the protection of towns. Yet, whenever it comes to be a question of straightforward field warfare, they are beaten, and thoroughly beaten. Everything that can be done by imitative talent they do. They learn gunnery as they learn languages. They are ingenious, acquisitive, brave, and skilful, but yet as soldiers they cannot naturally match themselves with those we bring against them. This would seem to prove that their force does not lie in any natural superiority as a race. We are sometimes threatened by the prediction that they are the "barbarians" who are destined to overrun Europe as it was overrun by our Germanic ancestors. But the fact is, that we do not beat them, as the Romans did the Germans, by the superiority of our discipline. In fact, their government has the advantage of us in point of its command of all its resources. We beat them by individual force—by the superiority of A, B, and C of the inhabitants of Britain, to A, B, and C of the inhabitants of Russia. This superiority belongs not only to English and French, but to our Sardinian Allies likewise. We see, in reading the reports of this last combat, that if the Russians had been as vigorous in carrying out their attack as in planning it, they must have won a great victory. They were defeated,—not because we manoeuvred better, but because we stood better the firing of shot and shell, and because we were more active, lively, and daring in our movements under it. It is important to dwell upon this point, because the superiority of a barbarous race consists in its individual heroism: while the Russians do not show that kind of superiority—do not, in fact, fight differently, but only worse.

There seems to have been a surprise,—at least partially, on this occasion. The Russians were known to have had reinforcements, and an attack was talked about, though scarcely believed in. The assault began at early morning upon the Sardinian forces. The first movement was a successful one. The French lost a position almost immediately—twelve officers being killed in one battalion of one of their regiments! This was the way in which the affair opened. The effect of the surprise was then full upon the French. In a short time, however, the army was entirely awake to the situation. The full daylight was upon the scene. The Russians advanced in two columns—cut up frightfully by artillery, but facing it well;—they advanced to a height—seemed about to maintain it—were opened upon by the French guns, were charged with French bayonets, and broke up in disorder. This was the moment for a cavalry charge; but, according to the best account written of the battle, the Sardinian colonel declined to charge, unless supported by the French;—the French general had orders "not to pursue," and the blow was not struck. The retreat was, by this time, being performed *en masse*, and the banks of the river on which the Russians had advanced were covered with wounded and dying.

The loss of the Russians seems to have amounted to something like six thousand. The whole narrative of the proceedings shows that the battle was the result of a determined attempt to make a great stroke in the war, and it ended as we have seen—in a Russian catastrophe, so complete, that it left no hope for the future. Its moral results must have been most depressing to the Russian army.

THE COURT.

ON Tuesday morning, at a quarter past 7, at Portsmouth, the Victoria and Albert Royal standard was descried just above the horizon, about 20 miles beyond the Nab light-ship.
On passing through Spithead, a few minutes later, the garrison battery at Portsmouth fired a Royal salute announcing the Queen's return.
The Royal yacht arrived off Osborne at about a quarter to 9. The weather was beautiful.
HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, with the Royal Family, will remain at the Isle of Wight until the 5th, when they will come to Buckingham Palace. On the following morning, they will take their departure for Balmoral. The Court will remain at Edinburgh one night, and on the following morning proceed by rail to Balmoral, where the Royal carriages will be in readiness to convey them to Balmoral.

SAINT MONDAY—STARTING FOR HAMPTON COURT.

"THERE are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it," says the old proverb. There are more saints in the calendar than the Pope wots of, say we. We cannot couch our "proverbial philosophy" in the same exquisitely esoteric form as Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper's, but what we say we mean. Saint Monday is a highly respectable saint, though the Romish Hagiology, Saint Carlo Borromeo, turns up his nose at him, and Saint Ignatius Loyola wonders at his confounded impudence in calling himself a saint. He is not the only English saint who is of no account on the Continent. St. Swithin is unknown in France, and the watery honours of the 15th of July are there usurped by St. Medard. What Italian has heard anything of our great Saxon saints, St. Wapshot, St. Wathelstan, or St. Wobbleburga? How many Spaniards care a clove of garlic for St. Patrick, of Paddyland, of whom his own countrymen proudly say—
"If he wasn't a saint, sure his history will show
He's worth at least any two saints that we know."
And how often do we hear in Portugal of St. Kevin of Cornwall, or St. David of Wales?
But Saint Monday, though he was never to our knowledge grilled, skinned alive, roasted, boiled, barbecued, or made into mince-meat, though

he never carried his head under his arm, like St. Denis, or patronised pigs like St. Anthony, or executed a perpetual *cul-de-lampe*, like St. Vitus, or ceaselessly contributed to the columns of the "Post," like St. Simon Stylites, is still a saint of considerable power and influence in England. He is the patron of overworked shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, compositors, sempstresses, artificial flower makers, and, indeed, male and female artisans of almost every degree. He delights in little children, in sweethearts, in loving husbands and wives, in merry boon companions. He does not object to a "drop of good beer," and is decidedly partial to a "pipe and a screw." But to thoroughly please this good saint, he must have a fine, sunny, unclouded summer or autumn morning; a triumphal chariot or curtained van (sometimes called a "van" by his votaries), drawn by two stout horses, gaily caparisoned in ribbons; a good store of baskets packed with edibles and libables, and plenty of good company, dressed in their best, and determined to enjoy themselves. "Need we say, dear reader, that Saint Monday is the hebdomadal holiday that the toiling, moiling, paining, struggling, overworked, underpaid masses will take in fine weather will take, O! lords and gentlemen, whether you like it or no—will take, O! political economists, though they pay doubly for it, first in the expenses of the holiday, and secondly in the loss of their day's wages—will take, O! worthiest of magistrates, O! Daniel come to want of judgment, Mr. HALL, of Bow-street; ay, and take it with pipes of tobacco and mugs of beer, and snug drags of strong waters out of stone bottles, much to your pious disgust, and that of the "abstemious" Germans, no doubt—but take, and will take, your puny diatribes notwithstanding."

There is a difference of opinion about the times and places best fitted for the holidays of the people; though Lords and Commons are pretty unanimous as to the absolute necessity of such holidays being held sometime and somewhere. There are people that hold that the popular festival might more appropriately take place on the day preceding that on which it is at present held, and that Saint Monday could with great convenience, and with no danger to morals or religion, become Saint Sunday. Saint Sunday, for instance, is a holiday and holiday among our good Allies the French; but, then, the ticklish part of the matter is, that our vivacious neighbours are not satisfied with the inch of relaxation that take an ell. They have their Saint Monday, too. Ask any French workman if he knows what "Faire le Lundi" means. It is, perhaps, for the best that we keep our St. Monday, and leave, for the present, the Sunday question in abeyance. There is such a diversity of opinions about the matter, that a weak-minded, though well-meaning, man is apt to get as woefully puzzled how to spend his Sunday as a toper among an affluence of drinks. There is Sunday and bitters, Sunday and gall and wormwood, Sunday and "loveage" (or sweethearting), Sunday and "spruce" (or best clothes), Sunday and pippin (or fiery doctrine), Sunday hot within, and Sunday cold without. Somebody must be right, and somebody wrong; but shall we boast of not wearing tight boots—have not our next-door neighbours also corns? Let us avoid treading on anybody's toes, and accept Saint Monday, *pro tem*, as he is—the working-man's hard-earned, well-deserved holiday. Some of these days, perhaps, legislative wisdom or social common sense may find us a better day of merry-making.

It is our intention to offer our readers a series of sketches of Saint Monday's notable phases; to place before them, with pen and pencil, the counterfeit presentments of all these human ants, bees, beavers, industrious fleas—if they will allow us, meaning no disrespect, to call them so. You shall see them, reader, in their habits as they live, this army of working martyrs, gaily rattling along suburban roads, trotting through museums and picture galleries, disporting themselves upon greenwards, picnicing in shady nooks, easily counting in leafy mazes. And there shall be cakes and ale, and "ginger hot in the mouth," and the laughter of little children. Pipes shall be smoked. The landlord shall "fill the flowing bowl until it does run over; for to-day we'll merry be, to-morrow we'll get sober" and toil at the forge, the loom, and the bench for twenty shillings a week, perchance.

Observe, ladies and gentlemen, the panoramic view executed by our artist, Mr. McConnell, of the departure of a pleasure-van for Hampton Court on Saint Monday. On the right you perceive Field-Marshal Blucher; on the left the Emperor Bonaparte—no, that is too much in the style of the penny peep-show lecturer. Let us see if we cannot say something more *apropos* of our picture, though, to do our artist justice, it already speaks very eloquently for itself.

There is the pleasure-van, if not spick and span new, at least gaily painted for the occasion, with its clean straw inside, and its clean red and white curtains gaily festooned. It already (time 10 a.m.) seems fully laden; but an excursion-van equals, if it does not surpass, a carpet-bag for the power of containing. The family of the Crumplehorns, residing in Crow-in-the-Morn Buildings, Tattersall-and-Torn Lane, must positively be got into the van, nine though they be in number; for has not Father Crumplehorn, working engineer, in the employ of Messrs. Smithers, Boyler, and Butler, of the Commercial Road, subscribed full half a dozen copper pennies weekly for a considerable period, in order that the wife of his bosom, and the children of his affections, may have a day's "pleasuring" at 'Ampton Court "on a given Monday morning, when the sky is blue and the birds are singing." Behold Crumplehorn, big with the dignity of honest labour, and the consciousness of his best "togs," (not forgetting that shiniest of four-and-ninety penny silk hats from Bread Street, Cheap-side). Behold him assisting into the vehicle his better, and decidedly more voluminous half (née Allforlorn), consider her round, jolly, beaming face, take stock of her bonnet of bonnets, glowing with cheap flowers and ribbons; ponder upon her broad-beamed umbrella, and be a cynic if you can. But there are more scions of the house of Crumplehorn to come. There is Master Boltonwatt Crumplehorn, whose precocious mechanical propensities have procured him among his youthful companions, the sobriquet of "young bust his biler." This embryo Stephenson is already on the steps of the van, valiantly, though, perhaps, not very efficaciously, aiding his portly mother in the ascent of Mount Steps. There are sundry outlying juvenile branches of the Crumplehorn tree, little toddling girls in trousers and big hats, jocund youths, aged seven, performing war dances, affectionately clasping stone bottles, of Barclay and Perkin's best meanwhile; there is old Grandfather Shaven-shorn, who married Crumplehorn's mother; and notably you may observe in one sly corner, a young couple who entered the van very early, who have sat very quiet in it, and very close to one another; who have said nothing, but look at each other a good deal. We wonder if we are in error in assuming that this young couple are sweethearts; that Mr. Sawderson Simms is keeping company with Miss Mary Crumplehorn, popularly called "Polly," and that his "intentions" are of the most honourable nature.

But the hour for the departure of the "van" for Hampton has arrived. Duplications and reduplications of the Crumplehorn family enter this and other vans. Mr. Sprouts, the green grocer who "removes goods in town and country," and is the speculator in the vehicles in question, hurries to and fro, an enormous bouquet in his button-hole; for he, too, will accompany the conveyance. The proprietor of the adjacent shaving shop has just sat down *essouffle*, and tired out with his labours in clean shaving the crowd of holiday-makers. At length the van or vans are full, and, amidst loud talking, laughter, and the cheers of the ragged little crossing-sweepers and shoeblacks, away they go on their blithesome journey.

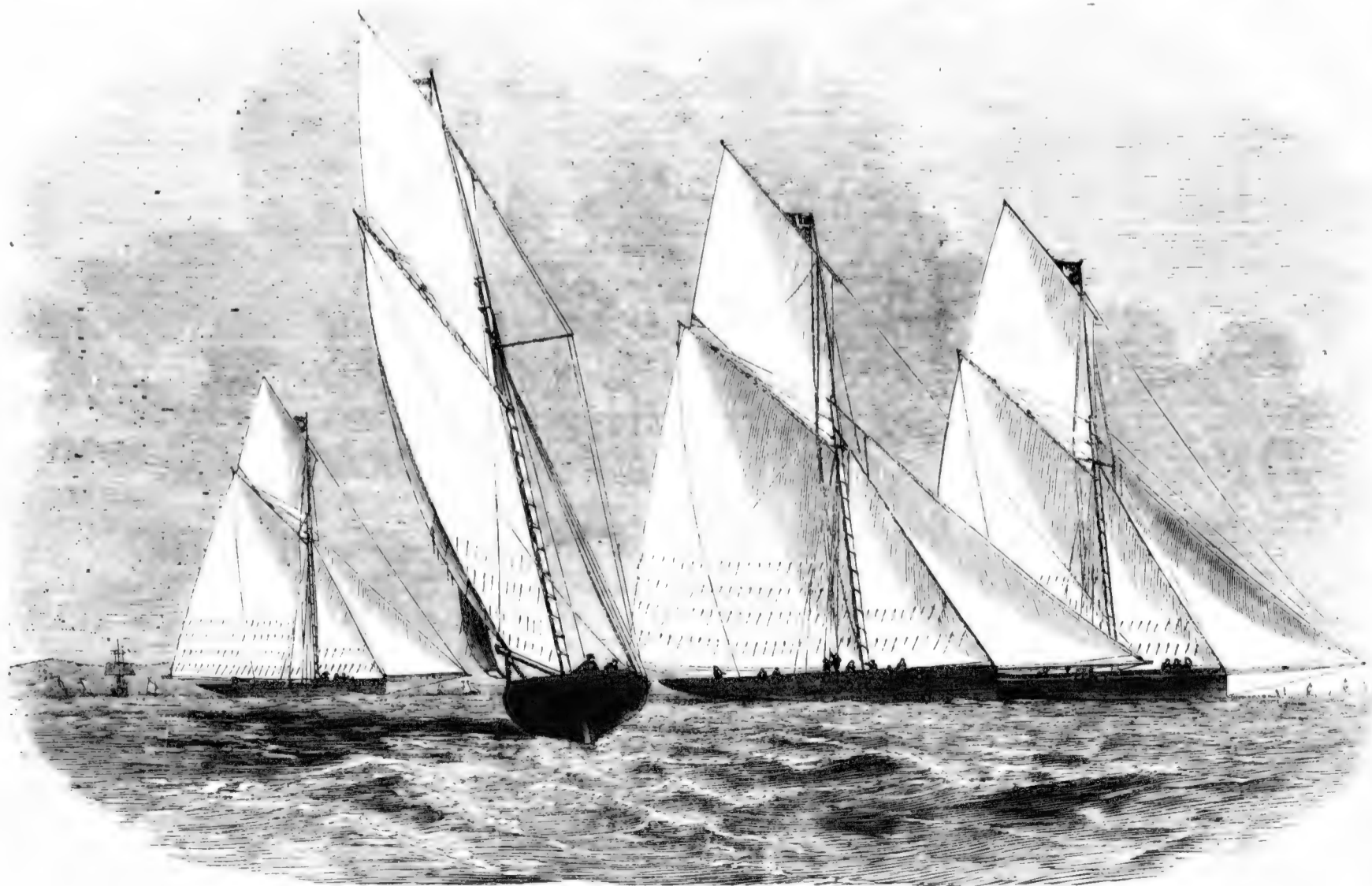
Rattle away, O pleasure van!—galley of life, with youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow! A merry Saint Monday to you; ours shall be the task next week to chronicle your doings at Hampton Court itself. We wonder if any happy inmate of that light-hearted chariot chanced to cast his eye upon two spectators who did not look very merry, or light-hearted or Saint Mondayish, as the procession started. See, there is drunken Al Koholl, the shoemaker. He spent his week's wages last Saturday night at the "Delirium and Trimmings" in Gin Lane, and owes a fortnight's earnings more. He leans against a post, haggard, unshorn, disconsolate. See yonder, too, at an open window, holding a meagre baby, is the woman—

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,"

The woman dressed in unwomanly rags, who plies her needle and thread night and day, and makes shirts, and starves. There are no Saint Mondays, no holidays, no merry-makings for her—nothing but "Stitch, stitch, stitch; poverty, hunger, and dirt."



SAINT MONDAY, OR THE WORKING-MAN'S HOLIDAY.—THE PLEASURE-VAN FOR HAMPTON COURT.



LAVROCK.

CONDITA.

BACCHANIE.

AURORA.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.—THE MATCH FOR HER MAJESTY'S CUP.—THE FIRST TACK OFF OLD CASTLE POINT

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON
REGATTA.

The Isle of Wight has for many years been known as the principal yachting station in the kingdom. Her present Majesty, indeed, has done more for it, perhaps, than her Royal predecessors. She has selected for her marine home a beautiful spot in close proximity to the squadron rendezvous at Cowes. She presents annually a handsome prize to be contended for, and she almost invariably honours the Regatta with her presence. That the Royal Yacht Squadron should prosper under such auspices can only be considered a natural result; but, independently of these advantages, there is in the management of it a well-defined course of action, perfect regularity of proceedings, and an inflexible rule of punctuality.

The prize contended for on Monday the 13th, was a cup, the gift of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, value £100, for schooners under 200 tons, to be sailed for over the Queen's course—viz., from Cowes to the Nab Light, back to Cowes, and then proceeding westward to a vessel moored off Yarmouth, and back to the station-vessel off West Cowes Castle. The course altogether is about sixty miles. The conditions of the race were, that three yachts should enter and start, or no race. The following yachts were entered for the prize:—*Shark*, 175 tons, Mr. W. Curling (light blue); *Claymore*, 139 tons, Mr. A. Campbell (red, with a claymore); *Cocle*, 180 tons, Marquis of Conyngham (white, red hand, and blue wing); *Gloriana*, 134 tons, Mr. J. Gee (red and white, vertical.)

At 10.25, all the above-named vessels being at the station, the preparatory gun was fired; but before the starting gun was discharged, at 10.30, the *Shark*, *Claymore*, and *Cocle* hauled down their racing flags, and the *Gloriana* alone proceeded on her course. The rumour that gained currency as to the cause of this sudden withdrawal of the yachts was the light air which prevailed at the time. The *Gloriana* proceeded to the westward, and accomplished the entire distance in seven hours and a half. She arrived off the station-vessel at Cowes Castle from the Nab Light at 3h. 35m. 30s., and then proceeded for the rest of her course to Yarmouth. Having rounded the station vessel there, she returned to Cowes, as the starting point and the conclusion of the race, at 5h. 34m. 30s. As soon as the gun was fired proclaiming her the winner, the crew gave three hearty cheers, and on Tuesday morning the cup was handed over to Mr. Joseph Gee, with warm congratulations from the members.

Tuesday (Aug. 14) was specially appointed for the Cowes Town Regatta. The day was all that could be desired, for the sun shone out without a single cloud to dim its splendour throughout the day, and with just sufficient sea breeze to prevent the heat from being oppressive. The first race was a rowing match for four-oared gigs, belonging to the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The next race was a rowing-match for four-oared boats, rowed by shipwrights, or apprentices, belonging to East or West Cowes. A third rowing match was for four-oared boats belonging to yachts of any yacht club. This was followed by a match for American sailing boats, and a variety of other sports. Her Majesty and the Royal Family honoured the regatta with their presence in the evening. Shortly



THE PRIZE PLATE OF THE ROYAL THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

after five o'clock, the Royal yacht *Fairy*, with the Admiralty flag and the Royal standard floating from the main, was seen making its way to the Roads, followed by the *Elfin*; and it was immediately known that her Majesty was on board, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal Family. The *Fairy* was commanded by the Hon. Joseph Denman; and on the vessel coming abreast of the Squadron House, a general cheer was raised, and the flags of the West Cowes Castle and the Squadron House were dipped with the usual formality. Soon after ten o'clock on Wednesday morning (Aug. 15), public excitement was raised to a high pitch by a favourable breeze from N. by W., and which promised to increase with the flood-tide. Only three yachts took their station, namely—*Alarm*, schooner, 243 tons; *Gloriana*, schooner, 134 tons; *Wildfire*, schooner, 52 tons. All got well away together, with the wind on their port quarter, which, after they got off Ryde, was nearly dead aft. Here the *Alarm* was nearly a mile in advance of the *Wildfire*,

and the *Gloriana* about a third of a mile astern of the *Wildfire*. *Alarm* passed the Nab Light vessel at 11.53; *Wildfire*, 12.1; *Gloriana*, 12.7. The Commodore, in the *Medina* steamer, ran down from the Nab about five miles dead to leeward, and then let go anchor for the yachts to round, leaving her on the starboard hand. The time of rounding the Commodore's steamer was—*Alarm*, 12h. 19m. 55s.; *Wildfire*, 12h. 34m.; *Gloriana*, 12h. 38m. 45s. From this moment *Alarm* had it all her own way. She was beautifully handled throughout, and passed the Nab Light to leeward, leaving it on the starboard hand. Here the Commodore's steamer lay to witness the *Gloriana* and *Wildfire* pass. The *Alarm* rounded at 1h. 4m. 30s.; *Gloriana*, 1h. 26m.; *Wildfire*, 1h. 33m. 20s. The *Alarm* made after this about four more boards, and then shaped her course for Ryde. Off Cowes Point a puff of wind caught her, and away flew her jib, bagging to leeward; the roping had given way by the outhaul on a rotten cloth, for about three feet of rag was left as an "ornament" on the jib-boom. However, the crew were up to their work, and they speedily hauled the jib out of difficulty, and, after about seven minutes, set what looked like a jib-top sail in lieu thereof. She was too far ahead for the others to come up; and came in first, being long ahead of the other company. The race for her Majesty's Cup took place, on Friday (Aug. 17). The start was made at 10.1, the course being to the eastward. The *Aurora* first canted round, the rest following in the following order:—The *Bacchante*, the *Larrock*, and the *Gondola*. When off the Point, the *Gondola* overhauled the *Larrock*, and the *Aurora* passed to the windward. Off Osborne House, the *Bacchante* weathered the *Aurora* on two tacks, and the wind falling light, the *Aurora* lost a good deal of ground, the *Bacchante* increasing upon her. The Nab Light was rounded at 2h. 30m. by the *Bacchante*, followed in 3 minutes by the *Aurora*, and in about 7 minutes by the *Gondola*; there was a minute and a half between her and the *Larrock*. Up to West Cowes Castle, no incident occurred worth recording. The first and second vessels passed as under:—*Bacchante*, 3h. 45m. 20s.; *Aurora*, 3h. 48m. 30s. On passing Cowes Castle, the *Bacchante* and *Aurora* took the north shore, while the *Gondola* and *Larrock* selected for their course that on the south, under the island, where a good breeze sprang up, and they took every advantage of it. The *Gondola* continued to make good headway with it; but when she was within about 300 yards of the mark-boat off Yarmouth, the *Gondola* had the misfortune to carry away her topmast, which, of course was an accident of a most serious character, as at the time she was holding a good wind, and one that served the *Larrock* on her return all the way to Cowes. The time, as officially notified to Commodore the Earl of Wilton, by Captain Browne, the secretary, was as follows:—*Bacchante*, 6h. 52m. 30s.; *Aurora*, 7h.; *Larrock*, 7h. 0m. 3s. By many it was believed to be a dead heat between the *Aurora* and *Larrock*, so close was the contest between them; but small as the difference was, it was decided in favour of the *Aurora*. The *Bacchante* was again declared the winner of her Majesty's Cup, having also won a similar prize in 1851. The cup is a superb work of art.



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SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

GRATIS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE. (Continued from Page 199.)

WEDNESDAY.

VISIT TO THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

WHERE all the flags came from, it is impossible to say. We have seen advertisements and placards in which they are ordered to be let out, at prices varying from half-a-crown to five shillings; but still we can scarcely think that the myriads of banners that each night sprung up like mushrooms, could have been furnished by Messrs. the Entrepreneur des Fêtes, or any warehouse could hold them, and no workmen could have made them in time. It seemed as if the hot weather had ripened the walls into red like so many cacti.

Wherever the Queen goes, she is received with an enthusiasm that amounts to worship. You can tell which way she is to pass by the crowd that takes its stand there, hours before the *cortège* is expected. Scarcely had her Majesty arrived at the Exhibition to-day, before the air was fighting for good places at the entrance of the gardens of the Tuilleries.

Although the Queen was not expected to arrive before eleven, still thousands had breakfasted, and were at the door of the Exhibition long before ten. What is the agony of one hour's panting in a sun that is exactly affecting the health of the dogs, to the delight of seeing the Queen of England's bonnet, or, if very fortunate, a small portion of her countenance as well?

How wonderfully inventive and ready the French are in everything that is connected with effective adornment! It has only taken them two days to convert the stone-fronted entrance to the Exhibition into an elegant and magnificent pavilion of velvet and gold. Masts and flag-poles have risen up all around the building, and cart-loads of flowers have been ranged in thick masses of bloom in every part where it was possible to place them.

At the principal entrance a canopy of crimson velvet, adorned with broad stripes of gold, stretched far out into the road, and the steps were covered with a thick carpet that yielded to the foot like a moss-covered lawn. From the windows were hung velvet draperies and clusters of flags; streamers, oriflammes and escutcheons, patched the white stone walls with colour, and gave a gay air of life and motion to the scene. Among the numerous inscriptions, we noticed the favourite one of "Well come to France," as if to keep the bad English in countenance, an English tavern keeper in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, has painted on a transparency, *Vive la Reine et Albert.*

It had been ordered that none but holders of season tickets would be admitted, who were to enter by the North-east door, which it was further ordered was to be closed at ten o'clock. Several persons who were not acquainted with this regulation, found themselves locked out. Prince Napoleon, on hearing of this, instantly gave orders to admit the unfortunate and fashionable late ones.

The Queen arrived in an open carriage, escorted by a detachment of the *Cuirassiers de la Garde*. The *cortège* consisted of twelve carriages, and was received with every possible demonstration of affection by the people. The Emperor and Prince Albert were both dressed *en habit de ville*. The Queen, whether from delight at the fête, or from change of air, was looking remarkably well, and laughed and bowed to the shouting crowds with a kind, happy expression that enchanted the Parisians.

Taking the Emperor's arm, her Majesty entered the building, evidently paying but little attention to the ceremonies with which she was received, from her intense desire to see the interior and the contents of the Exhibition.

The effect, on entering, was lively and impressive. The galleries were crowded with ladies dressed with all fashionable care. The white lace bonnets and rich dresses gave additional lightness to the effect of the building. When the Queen entered, the handkerchiefs were set to work fluttering like a flight of white pigeons, and the deeper voices of the gentlemen gave a well-executed "Vive Victoria," which made all the glass in the building rattle again.

We have no space to give anything but a short description of the appearance of the building. The general colour of the paint used in the interior is gray. This serves to show off the better the rich hues and tints of the different materials exhibited. As you glance down the long edifice, with the blue sky showing through the broad roof of glittering glass, the eye is startled by the many different colours that are forced upon your notice by the sober background of gray. The red and blue roofs of the stalls, the yellow tapestry, and green cloths spread in every direction, all stand forth with stereoscopic distinctness. Even the stained glass windows do not appear to be fastened to the wall.

Her Majesty has so often given proofs of her artistic disposition, that it is needless to say that all that was beautiful in art and manufacture, attracted her notice and attentive study. The beautiful china of Sevres was favoured with a long examination. Her Majesty seemed enchanted with those miraculous little cups, thin as an egg-shell, which, when you raise them, seem, from the slight resistance their weight offers, to jump into the air. Whenever the Queen passed any stalls of jewellery, her woman's nature seemed to force her to stop before the sparkling stones, that, as the

bright light played upon them, seemed to wink and move from their brilliancy. Perhaps the most interesting scene we witnessed was when her Majesty perceived the statue of Joan of Arc, sculptured by the late Princess Marie d'Orleans—that amiable and talented lady whose death was the first of the long list of misfortunes which eventually overwhelmed the house of Louis Philippe. The Queen, with a look of sad remembrance, stood before the lovely statuette, and in her countenance you could almost read the melancholy thoughts passing in her mind. What had become of all that noble family? The father—the good *gros papa*, whose immense flaxen head almost made her smile—the *Roi du peuple*, whom she twice welcomed to her Royal palace; once when he came with all the state and pride of a mighty monarch—when his gallantry had an air of friendly protection, and his voice the tone of equality,—and once again when the old man had in disguise fled his country, when the crown had been lost, the sceptre torn from him; when he came to her, his face pale with anxiety and regret, to ask for leave to die in peace with his family about him! And where was all that once prosperous family? scattered over the face of the earth, seeking in vain for aid to regain their lost royalty—scattering jealousies and working quarrels that they in the end might succeed. When the Queen ceased to contemplate this statue, she appeared very depressed, and indifferent to the wonders of industry around her; indeed, she passed by a stall of wonderful lace, without even honouring it with a glance.

Wherever the Royal party went, bands suddenly gave notice of their hidden positions by striking up "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty's progress through the building, put us in mind of the old nursery song of "She shall have music wherever she goes," for no sooner had one group of performers ceased, than another set to work, strewing her path as it were with musical bouquets.

The rich tapestries from the Gobelins and Beauvais, those miraculous wave-paintings, where the needle has worked as many wonders as the brush, seemed to fill her Majesty with admiration. After an English specimen of Berlin slippers, and Arab chieftains with square patched complexions and jagged tessellated outlines, the perfection and beauty of these works of art seem almost impossibilities, and it is some time before the mind can assure itself that no trick or deception has been used in the production of the pictures.

Before leaving the building, the Queen reposed herself for a few moments, and had a chat with Lady Cowley. The heat was so excessive, that much exertion was impossible. Iced water and wines were handed round and gratefully accepted. In the Panorama room, a basket of delicious hot-house fruits, most temptingly and artistically arranged, was presented



TERRACE AND CASCADE IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS OF ST. CLOUD.

to her Majesty, who, evidently much pleased with both the attention and the delicacy of the offering, partook of a peach and a few grapes.

Whenever her Majesty stayed to examine the works of art exhibited, she conversed in the most amiable and friendly manner with those who kept the stalls, readily asking for information, putting a variety of questions relative to their production, and complimenting the exhibitors in a tone which almost appeared like thanking them for the pleasure their *chefs d'œuvre* had afforded her.

After a stay of two hours, the Queen, amidst the acclamations of the people, took her departure, and proceeded to the Tuileries, where lunch had been prepared in one of the galleries overlooking the gardens.

INSPECTION OF THE PARIS IMPROVEMENTS.

Her Majesty appeared for a few moments, together with the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, on the balcony of the pavilion de l'Horloge, fronting the Place Carrousel, when the Emperor explained to her the alterations now being made, and then also the additions intended to be erected to complete the Louvre. Directly the people caught sight of the Royal group, the cheering burst forth, and continued until their Majesties retired.

During her stay in Paris, her Majesty has had but few opportunities of viewing the wonderful improvements that have, within the last few years, been made in every quarter of this beautiful city. The Queen's whole time, whenever she had ridden through the streets, has been taken up by bowing in response to the enthusiastic cheering of the multitude. If she had attempted to take a peep at some church or public building, fresh cries of "Vive Victoria!" have interrupted the glance, and called it back again to the crowd. On Wednesday, she determined on taking a private drive in a private carriage. Accompanied by Lady Cowley, her Majesty proceeded in a *voiture de remise* to make a rapid inspection of the new streets, the renovated monuments, and lately-erected buildings. Her incognito was not discovered, and for two hours she enjoyed, perhaps, as happy a time as any she has passed in Paris. After all, carriages and detachments of guards have a good deal to do with royalty!

EXPECTED VISIT TO VINCENNES.

A report had been circulated that it was her Majesty's intention to visit Vincennes. The workmen in the Faubourg St. Antoine, as soon as they heard of it, at once gave over work and began decorating their windows and house fronts. By three o'clock, flags and banners were waving in every direction, the streets were crowded with spectators, and chairs had been carried down from the different rooms to form standing-places for their wives and daughters.

At Vincennes, the soldiers were called out; generals and officers all flocked to the Avenue de St. Maudé to await the arrival of the royal cortege, and there they remained until 6 o'clock, when, disappointed and tired, they slowly returned home again.

The poor workmen smoked their pipes and lost their time. All the banners had gone for nothing.

THEATRE OF ST. CLOUD.

In the evening, a private performance took place in the theatre of St. Cloud. The house was crowded by ambassadors, ministers, and officers of distinction, who, together with their wives, had been invited to witness the representations. The piece chosen was the *Fils de Famille*, better known to Londoners as the "Discarded Son," and "The Lancers," under which titles it has been translated into English, and brought out at the Adelphi and Princess's Theatres. All the parts were acted by the artistes who had originally appeared in and created them. Monsieur Bressant, the original Armand d'Albert, had to rub up his memory, and order fresh costumes. A very pleasing instance of the friendly feeling existing among French actors took place on this memorable occasion. Since M. Bressant has quitted the Gymnase Theatre, his part has been given to M. Garand. This gentleman, anxious to be present at the performance, and to assist as much as possible in its success, proposed to the director of the company that he should be allowed to appear as one of the Lancers who came on at the end of the first act. M. Montigny (the manager) was delighted with the modest request, and at once acceded to it; and further, thinking the notion a good one, he determined that all the subordinate parts should be offered to the best French comedians in Paris. We need not say that the various gentlemen who were applied to, were delighted to lend their aid. Those who were present at the theatre, and witnessed the performances, will remember the wonderful manner in which even the most insignificant characters in the drama were acted. It is no longer a matter of surprise, when we hear that even the postman who brought in a letter in the third act, was a celebrated artiste whose name is by itself sufficient to fill a house to the ceiling.

The performance commenced at 10 o'clock, and did not end before midnight. It was remarked that the Queen appeared to enjoy the play exceedingly, and when the curtain fell, the Emperor alone applauded. It had a strange effect, this stately returning of thanks, and looked too much like "I am satisfied," to be admired by us Englishmen.

THURSDAY.

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

In Paris a famine is expected. The enormous number of visitors are eating up all the provisions, and sending fowls and legs of mutton up to fabulous prices. The hotels are packed to the roof, every *chambre meublée* is occupied, and the dirtiest, smallest apartment is seized upon, and paid for with the same haste as if it were the prettiest saloon in the most fashionable quarter of the city. The hotel keepers and the landlords have grown rude and hard-hearted, and shrug their shoulders and point to the door whenever complaints are made, for they know that their rooms will not remain empty for many hours. A few days ago, a man was brought before the Police Correctionnelle, charged with having been found wandering in the streets at suspicious hours. "It is true," replied the culprit, with an air of dignity, "but if I am a vagabond, it is not from preference, but from necessity. I should prefer living in a handsome apartment, but, until the rents are lower, I must not gratify my wishes, and am forced to sleep in the streets."

For the last two days the inhabitants of the streets through which the Queen has to pass on her way to the ball at the Hotel de Ville, have been decorating their houses with lamps and flags. The great M. Godillot, the *entrepreneur* of the Government *fêtes*, has even sent round circulars announcing that he had in stock *arcades de triomphe* of all sizes and prices. This is something like the march of progress: formerly the State alone had the monopoly of triumphal arches, now anybody, from the prefect to the potato merchant, may aspire to the luxury, if he has money to pay the bill.

To-day, the Queen was evidently tired out with seeing wonders and being cheered each time she showed herself. She preferred staying quietly at St. Cloud, and recruiting her strength for the ball that was to take place in the evening.

The Prince arrived at the Exhibition at a quarter past ten. He was comparatively unattended, and evidently intended the visit to be regarded as a private one. He was dressed *en habit de ville*, and came in the Emperor's private carriage. It is unnecessary to say that he was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

The hour fixed for the visit had been half-past ten, but the Prince was unpunctual enough to get there a quarter of an hour too soon, so that he had to await the arrival of Prince Napoleon before he commenced his inspection of the interior. There appeared to be a good deal of laughter and joking when the two Princes met, and a discussion took place between them as to whether it was worse to be unpunctual by arriving too soon or too late at an appointment.

After visiting every portion of the immense building, and admiring with great critical justness all that was curious, as works of art or natural productions, the Prince at half-past one again entered his carriage, and drove to the Tuileries, to await the arrival of her Majesty and the Empress from St. Cloud.

THE LOUVRE.

After lunch the royal party proceeded to the Museum of the Louvre. The Queen, leaning on the Emperor's arm, entered through the apartments of the Tuileries, the principal picture gallery which faces the Seine. It was the first time her Majesty had visited this wonderful collection of paintings, and both she and the Prince were astounded and enchanted with the glorious productions it contained. At every fresh canvas some expression of delight escaped from the Royal lady. To one like the Queen, who

is never so happy as when she can devote a few hours to her brush and pencil, the pleasure derived from gazing upon these perfections of the art she so much admires, is of an intense and almost passionate kind. Her admiration seemed to be impulsive, and to lose all power of criticism in the wonder she felt.

The great *fête* of this day, and the one which is still and will be for years to come talked of in Paris, was the grand ball given by the Municipality of Paris in honour of the Queen's visit, and which she had consented to honour with her presence.

HOTEL DE VILLE DECORATIONS.

Every house in the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, which extends in a direct line from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, was decorated with lamps, stars of gas, and a forest of flags. As night came on, men crept along the house tops and hung over balconies and windowsills, lighting up these myriad illuminations. As you looked down the street, the entire length seemed one continuation of lanes of light, almost as if the perspective had been ruled with fire. The moon was shining in the midst of a deep blue sky, and in the distance an electric light placed on the top of the ancient tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie, appeared to rival in brilliance the Queen of Night. By nine o'clock the long line of carriages was more than a mile in length; and as they proceeded at a walking pace, those inside and the colour of the dresses could be easily distinguished, so brilliant were the illuminations around. As all these carriages carried lighted lamps, they gave the scene the appearance of a veritable feast of lanterns.

The Queen's heart must have swelled with pride when she reached the Hotel de Ville, and saw the wonderful preparations that had been made to receive her. The air above was luminous and hot as that over a furnace, from the blaze of gas that bubbled out of the illuminations on and around the building. Electric lights placed in each of the three towers, threw out in the darkness of night an immense circle of light as brilliant as sunshine. A band of fire encircled the entire edifice, and stars blazed upon the front of this prince of palaces, as brightly as the diamond ones in the *bosoms* of the noble guests assembled beneath its roof. The initials of the sovereigns were scattered about in all directions, the distant one, appearing almost phosphorescent as the wind, passing by, for the moment swept away the light. You could distinguish countenances at a great distance as clearly as if you had been looking through a glass; and the faces of the immense mob that walled in the open space in front of the Hotel, appeared like dots of crimson, so fully were they lighted up by the thousand brilliant jets that adorned the ground.

At stated distances along the footway, were about twenty monster pyramids of gold-coloured lamps hung thickly together, so that from where we stood they resembled mounds of crumpled gold leaf. They burned with a dull rich brilliance, and formed an excellent contrast with the white silver look of the gas. Flags and escutcheons decorated the building, and long pendants hung half-way down from the roof, casting their dark shadows upon the yellow stone walls, and too heavy from the gold fringe and ornaments upon them to do more than swing in the breeze. The Hotel seemed to have swollen out, from the quantity of banners stuck about it, thick as pins in a pincushion, and their crimson colours gave an appearance of costly magnificence, as though the palace had dressed itself out in its royal livery of red to welcome the Royal visitors. Garlands of flowers, thick as a furled sail, hung in rich masses, to replace those of stone sculptured upon the *façade*, after the exquisite designs of Dominique Cortonne.

The gateway through which her Majesty was to enter, known as Henry the Fourth's staircase, was covered with draperies of blue, dotted with golden bees. Flowers packed together closely, as in a bouquet, lined each side of the path.

The Louis XIV. Court, an area as large as that of the Royal Exchange, had been converted into a magnificent vestibule covered with a glass dome. In the centre of the carpeted floor a double winding staircase, resting upon marble pillars, had been erected expressly for the *fête*, leading to the Throne-room, on the first floor. The gilt rails and the velvet balustrade, kept back the branches of a plantation of evergreens. All around was heard the splashing of water, falling from cascades or spirted forth from vases arranged round about; and against the red draperies that covered the walls, stood forth the white forms of statues. A golden chandelier, a mound of countless ground-glass lamps, intended to represent a monster pile of lilies, was hung high up against the roof, and seemed to float in the air like a fire balloon.

Wherever you wandered, there were naiades surrounded by water and sinking in beds of graceful reeds and water flowers, or cupids holding dolphins with fountains gushing from their open mouths. Never was such a scene witnessed before. The flowers that encircled in a sloping bank those wonderful *bassins d'eau*, filled the air with a heavy half narcotic perfume. The ladies lingered near these temporary gardens, and looked at them with longing eyes, as though they were thinking to themselves which of them they should pick if they dared to make up a bouquet.

They told us that 25,000 francs was the sum that had been expended in flowers to deck the rooms with. But every room, every spare corner and landing place, was crowded with blooming plants. Every conservatory, every plantation, must have been riddled to obtain such wagon-loads. Perhaps the Municipality of Paris have not had the bill sent in, and were only guessing at what they hoped the price might come to.

The staircase up which the visitors ascended was decorated with bridges of plants and fountains, whose falling waters sparkled in the overwhelming light like dewdrops in the sun. On the first landing, the walls and roof had been covered with a gilt trellis-work designed in elegant patterns, up which were trained creeping roses.

THE COSTUMES OF THE VISITORS—THEIR ENTHUSIASM.

All the ladies were dressed in the latest fashions that the Parisian milliners have invented, in honour of the Royal visit. How wonderfully were the different ribbons twisted about, and fastened in the most miraculous and effective designs! The Empress, by wearing full skirts, has made them become fashionable. Some of the ladies appeared like soft balls of lace, so entirely were they imbedded in fluttering flounces. Others passed by in crackling silk, that almost growled as it was dragged through the crowds. Anecdotes were told of coiffeurs who had been up for the last two nights, dressing the hair of the invited.

The toilettes of the gentlemen were no less curious. Costumes of every kind, and from every country, crowded each room. Now it was a Greek, covered with gold, almost as if he had rolled like a pill in gold leaf, and now it was a Turk, with a bosom white and sparkling with diamonds, till he looked crystalline, and liable to crack. Arabs, in their white flowing robes and red garments, walked proudly about, careless of the uncontrollable staring of the guests. The court dresses of France, and military uniforms of all colours and adornments, were mixed up with velvet-coated ambassadors. The British officers in crimson, and marshals of France with the broad ribbon crossing their star-covered breasts, might be seen conversing together on the same sofa with a mysterious individual in black, whose immense star made all around inquire who he was.

The number of the invited was 6,000, but imagine how many disappointed there must have been, when we state that upwards of 25,000 applications and supplications for tickets had been received by the Prefect of the Seine.

In the *grand salon aux Arcades*, the bubbling fountains placed around the walls were reflected in the immense looking-glasses, which multiplied to infinity the *jets d'eau* and countless lights. At each angle of the apartment, were nymphs in leaves of foliage.

All the mantel-pieces in the different rooms had been removed, and marble tanks, surrounded by flowers and velvet, placed in their stead, in which fountains sent up their arched lines of silver. The heat was so excessive, that we often saw ladies go up into those clear pools, and, carefully dipping their finger ends into the water, cool their beating temples. The refreshments were distributed about in all directions, ices being handed round, and lemonade and a variety of thirst-quenching drinks being offered to everybody who seemed in the slightest manner suffering from the heated atmosphere.

Thrones had been placed in the principal saloon reserved for dancing. The dressing of crimson velvet, with massive gold fringe, was dotted with golden bees, and formed a covering and a background to the Royal seats. Three orchestras were distributed in different parts of the saloons, so that, as soon as one duce had ceased, another commenced in an apartment

close at hand. Quadrilles of honour, Royal Polkas, and

polkas, had been composed in honour of the occasion. At ten o'clock, a loud hurrah made its way through the crowd of the building, and announced the arrival of the Queen. A rush was made to the window looking on to the Louis XIV. staircase, to obtain a view of her Majesty, the Emperor, and their suite. The ladies were, with the proverbial French, offered the best places, and all those who could not see their necks, in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of a white gold chain.

Her Majesty, the Emperor, and Prince Albert, in their carriage, drawn by only two horses. Lighted up by the Emperor's suite. A detachment of the Cent Guards, and outriders, preceded the carriages. They were received at the grand entrance of the Hotel, surrounded by his council.

Her Majesty seemed enchanted with the magic scene of entering the Court. She looked about her in raptures of pressed her delight in terms audible to all near her, for questions of the Emperor, who also seemed greatly pleased, had caused so much enjoyment.

The first quadrille of honour was danced by the Emperor, her Majesty, and Prince Albert and the Princess Mathilde.

During the interval between the dances, the Emperor commanded to Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of War, and the spot where stood some Arab chiefs, and brought one of them where the Queen was seated. The Emperor presented the Arab to the Queen, and the Arab, bending low, kissed her hand after the custom of his country, that is, by placing his lips on each side. Two other chiefs were afterwards brought, and the Emperor prevented a recurrence of their national mode of address, and had them presented in a standing posture. The Queen pleased by the act.

Their Majesties left the ball at about half-past twelve, the morning before the remainder of the company returned to the city.

FRIDAY.

VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT TO VINCENNES.

The principal feature in the entertainment of Friday was the visit of the Champ de Mars. A review is something between a *ball* and a *choreography*, and the principal actors in it indeed appear to us rather as *choreographers* than in that of heroes. Accordingly, it is a *show* for the eyes of ladies, who thus have the horrors of war merely at a distance, while all the magnificence of *spectacle* is placed in the foreground. Two establishments, however, more closely connected with the *horrendum* than the field which bears his name, were different members of the Royal and Imperial party on Friday. These were the Hôtel des Invalides, to which the wounded veterans spend the remainder of his days in quiet, and in pain more or less of the other the terrible fortress and artillery-ground of Vincennes, the means of perforating the human body with unfailing accuracy, unheard-of distances, is made the object of daily practice and night. The former alone was a place for Miss Nightingale's Queen to visit, latter, however, of course invited the inspection of the Prince. Known to take so deep an interest in the military affairs. Accordingly, it was not long after nine in the morning when the Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales left the Palace of St. Cloud, *château* of Vincennes, attended by a numerous suite of French and English officers. The Emperor and Prince Albert were dressed in plain and rode in a post chaise preceded only by an outrider. The English officers followed (also in plain clothes) in a *chaise-a-porteur*. It was still early when the Emperor and Prince arrived in the St. Antoine, crowds of persons were present to welcome them. The houses which form the entrance to the Faubourg from the Bastille, and which are remarkable as having been nearly destroyed in the *insurrection* in the affairs of June, 1849, were covered from the roof by the national colours of England and France. Even in the long Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, which extends from the de la Bastille to the Barrière du Trône, displayed the flags of the nations, or at all events those of the two principal ones, which were also ornamented with escutcheons bearing the initials V. A.—initials which as was previously remarked in London, on the occasion of the Emperor's visit, spell the name of the river on which St. Cloud is built.

At St. Maudé, a charming little village in the immediate vicinity of Vincennes, the illustrious visitors were received by the general command of the *château*, the general of the military division in which Vincennes is included, the inspector-general of the artillery, and generals of brigade. The generals were accompanied by a few officers of infantry and a platoon of artillery.

At about a quarter past eleven, the Emperor and Prince Albert, at the rest of the party entered the polygon, and left the carriages in order to examine the projected operations from a sufficient proximity.

THE MINIE RIFLE—EXPERIMENTS.

It is known that the Minie rifle, the invention of which enables you to get shot through the head without your eyes being in any manner annoyed by a view of your opponent, and without much risk of your ears being distressed by the report of his gun, even should he miss you, which is improbable—it is already known, we say, that this deadly but ingenious weapon was invented at Vincennes by the captain whose name it has given to the invention, and whose name, we may add, will be immortal in proportion to the amount of mortality which his invention will inflict. It was to this weapon, then, the offspring of Vincennes and the adopted and well-beloved child of those *chasseurs* who claim Vincennes for their grim godfather, that the honours of the day were paid. At a distance of 400 metres (about a quarter of a mile) scarcely a bullet missed the target as was indicated by the repeated sound of the officiating bugle. Six bullets out of ten struck the bull's-eye. The last shot was fired with a detonating or rather flame-producing ball, and burned up the target.

A series of experiments was then made with various new pieces of artillery, the best, *i.e.* the most destructive, of which appeared to be a new Swedish gun, which is loaded at the breech, and fires five shots in a minute. Some new grenades, which take away human life with their marvellous facility, were also much admired.

His Royal Highness appeared delighted with his visit, and is understood to have expressed his delight not only at the success of the experiments, but also at the cordial and indeed enthusiastic manner in which he was received.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

The Emperor and Prince Albert reached the Palace of the Tuileries just after her Majesty and her suite had arrived there from St. Cloud. At half-past two, the whole party paid a second visit to the Palace of Industry. The carriages were entirely new, and glittered with white harness and ornaments. The Emperor, it has been observed, has new carriages as often as the ladies of the court have new dresses. If the milliners and dressmakers adore the latter, the coach-builders must certainly worship the former. The agricultural products and machines naturally enough attracted the attention of the Prince, who is known to have devoted a considerable portion of his time to improvements in the art of cultivating the soil. The Queen, true to her sex, was unable to resist the charms of the jewellery department, and is even said to have made some valuable acquisitions in the Kohinoor style. Before leaving the Palace, however, she was conducted by her maternal instinct to the stalls in which the toys and playthings of every description are exhibited. Here the Royal children were not forgotten, and the amount of materials for laughter and amusement carried away by her Majesty was such, that the Royal nursery necessarily ring with shouts of joy for some time after the return of the illustrious visitors to England.

At four o'clock, the Queen and her suite returned to the Palace of the Tuileries.

The Friday morning had been chosen for the Grand Review, without which her Majesty's reception, in a military country like France—and, above all, in the country of an ally—would have been incomplete. But on Thursday, the heat, against which not even the ice of Weanum could have stood for more than a few seconds, had become so intense, that it was

could be able to postpone it until five in the afternoon. We realised instances of men dropping dead from the ranks during the day, owing to the influence of heat, combined with a certain amount of fatigue. We were delighted that no foolish wish to adhere to the order of the day prevented the Emperor from putting off until a late hour in the afternoon. The French, like ourselves, are enough men from cold and the Russians; that heat and the sun should have caused them a single casualty would have been rather a miracle.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

At five, or a few minutes past, the Champ de Mars was invaded by the Emperor, her Majesty, Prince Albert, Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, and a brilliant escort, consisting principally of French and English, whose blue and red uniforms were relieved here and there by cloaks of the Arab chieftains. From about two in the afternoon, the whole of Paris had been in commotion, the sound of drums and the tramp of horse and foot, being heard in all directions. The Imperial and Royal *cortège* reached the ground, the forty troops of all descriptions who were to be passed in review had "dressed" on the reviewing ground, the infantry on one side, the cavalry on the other. The most brilliant corps present was that of the St. Cyr, which, during the *défilé*, passed the tribune in which her Majesty was placed at the *bas de course*, which it executes with so much precision. This corps, which supplies the French army with its last officers, cheered loudly as each line came in presence of the Queen, who responded to the cries of "Vive la Reine" in her usual gracious manner. An admirable brigade of the Garde was present, but no manoeuvres beyond those involved by a rapid *défilé* were executed.

In the evening, her Majesty and the Emperor attended the representation of Ambert's "Haydee." The visit was not an official one, but their Majesties were received with rapture wherever they appeared.

SATURDAY.

ST. GERMAIN AND THE FETE AT VERSAILLES.

The Queen astonishes everybody by the exactness with which she keeps the time indicated in the official *programme des fêtes*. Punctuality is the mark of monarchs, and in a nation where all are so courteous, of course, the Queen would not be wanting in punctuality. The *cortège* for the review at St. Germain, which was to take place at ten o'clock, arrived at the city town of St. Germain at ten o'clock, and the members of their families were in open carriages, escorted by a detachment of Guides; and the suite were in *chaises*.

At the entrance to the Avenue des Boulingrins the Municipality had erected an enormous *arc-de-triomphe*, decorated with banners, and surrounded by tall flag-masts, painted in brilliant colours. A blue streamer, that floated lazily in the breeze, had inscribed upon it, "The inhabitants to their Majesties."

At St. Germain, the *cortège* changed horses, the foaming blood-horses being exchanged for a relay from the Poste Impériale. The round, fat animals, with their thick necks, and tails tied up into a round ball, were mounted by postillions, in immense boots, yellow breeches, green and gold jackets, and powdered wigs. The appearance of the procession was extremely grotesque, and as it dashed off, with jingling bells and cracking whips, the people gave a shout of delight that could be heard for half a mile.

The Queen entered the forest by the Porte Dauphine, and proceeded through the lovely avenues, shaded by gigantic trees, that lead to the chateau of La Muette, about six miles distance from the town. In the dark shade of the trees was a procession of young girls, dressed in white, carrying flowers; and further off was the band of the Guides, their brass instruments glittering in the sunlight that trickled through the branches.

The weather was lovely. The showers of Friday had laid the dust and cooled the air. The trees around rustled in the breeze that came murmuring over the forest. In front of the building stood huntsmen, dressed in the costume of Louis XV., who received the Royal party with a burst from their *cors-de-louis*, that made the hounds howl and jump with the notion that they were to have a hunt. Her Majesty honoured the dogs by patting their heads. They seemed deeply grateful for the distinguished attention, and licked the Queen's feet and wagged their tails in the most approved courtier style.

During lunch, the band of the Guides performed selections from Verdi's Opera of the Vêpres Siciliennes, that music being especially chosen by her Majesty, who is one of the great Italian composer's most sincere admirers.

After making a tour of the building, her Majesty passed her time by sketching in her album one of the prettiest views seen from the Hunting Lodge. She wished to take back with her to England some souvenir of the happy day. The Emperor, who is an inveterate smoker, lit his cigarette, and strolled about the lawn, enjoying the columns of smoke that, in the true French style, he every now and then sent out like jets of steam from his nostrils. An extremely stout gentleman, with a bushy head of white hair, and a pair of cheeks like two melons, was standing near the door of the lodge. Directly the Emperor saw him, he advanced and shook him by the hand. It was the celebrated basso, Signor Lablache, who is rustling at St. Germain.

PALACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

At half past 3, the Royal party and their suite took another drive through the forest, passing by the immense and majestic terrace of St. Germain, and eventually taking the direction of the ancient palace, where a immense number of persons had collected together to make their throats hoarse with cheering.

This palace was built by Francis the First, as a residence for Diane de Poitiers, "to make the fair one happy," as the guide-books tell us. Out of compliment to the celebrated beauty, it was constructed in the form of a D. It was for a long time the favourite abode of the Kings of France, Henry the Fourth and Louis the Thirteenth holding their courts there. But Louis the Fourteenth, as soon as he was old enough to become fastidious, preferred building a palace for himself, and removed to Versailles. The old chateau was given to Madame de la Vallière to live in, and a few years later James the Second of England took up his residence and eventually died there.

The Queen paid a visit to the apartments once occupied by the exiled Stuart. They are an uncomfortable suite of rooms, and so her Majesty seemed to think, for she didn't stop long in them. Out of respect to the memory of the King to whose bigoted folly her forefathers were indebted for the throne of England, the Queen also made a pilgrimage to the tomb of James the Second. A few minutes sufficed for the inspection of the last resting place of the exile.

Her Majesty also visited the apartments in which the unhappy penitent, Louise de la Vallière is said to have resided. To reach these, it was necessary to cross the court-yard, in which are the cells (about 500 in number) in which the prisoners taken at the revolutions of June and the *Coup d'Etat* were confined. The walls of these dungeons are covered with drawings and paintings executed by the political captives. Many of them are excessively grotesque, both from the bad drawing and the subject depicted, and caused a great deal of merriment among the Royal party, a fact which the several artists, now in Cayenne, cannot fail to be much delighted at. There are portraits of battle-pieces, and young ladies, and descents from the cross. The Emperor pointed out to Prince Albert a caricature of himself, and both of them laughed loudly at the exaggerated likeness. The treatment of the unhappy duchess did not appear to compensate for the trouble it has cost in going to see it. Poor La Vallière, the gentle, fair-haired victim, was pined and mourned over in silence, but the room was at once written down as dark, damp, and dirty.

It was past four o'clock before the *cortège* again set out for St. Cloud.

THE BALL AT VERSAILLES.

The Versailles of Louis XIV., the palace of gold and marble, where, in olden time, the magnificent monarch entertained *ses reines* with *fêtes*, and ruined his country with the expense of them—the old building that looks as well now as on the day it was built—was, on Saturday last, decked out in all its jewels of illumination lamps, and robed in hangings of silk and satin, to do honour to the Queen of England.

All day long crowds of visitors had been pouring into the town. Every

bed had been taken, even arm-chairs and tables had been hired for the night, and yet mobs, with carpet-bags, were still beseeching the hotel-keepers, knocking at the doors of private houses, begging for a little spot of room in which to pass the night.

At six o'clock in the evening the park was cleared of tens of thousands of visitors, who had been watching the preparations for the *fête*. At half-past seven the illuminating of the town and Palace commenced.

The air was white and luminous with the blaze of fire that covered the trees, houses, and open places. Seen at a distance, it seemed as if the town was burning, for the light went high up into the dark sky, and made a fan-shaped halo in the black night. The avenues of trees on the Boulevards were joined together with festoons of lamps, which formed a long chain of bright-coloured specks, nearly half a mile in length, and made the green leaves hanging around look transparent and luminous. The barracks and the houses were piles of variously tinted paper lanterns, causing the crimson flags and golden escutcheons to shine in the distance like tinsel.

The white stone Palace itself was so brilliant, that it had the appearance of being built of ground-glass, lighted up behind. Along the cornice, and around the windows, ran ribbons of gas, marking the outline of the immense edifice with a framework of fire. The court in front was illuminated with clusters of opal-coloured globes, that spotted the wide space with discs of dead white. All these illuminations harmonised with the quaint-looking, straggling building they helped to light up, for they appeared to draw together the wide wings, by making them distinct and uniting them in the *coup d'œil*.

THE GARDENS BEHIND THE PALACE.

But it was in the gardens behind the Palace that all the imagination and invention of the directors of the *fête* had been expended. It is almost foolish to attempt to give a description of this magnificent scene, so many accessories are required to convey an impression of its grandeur to the mind of the reader. The soft, warm, night-air; the gentle rustling of the trees, scarcely louder than the shaking of a silk dress; the tinkling sounds of the fountains, splashing into their basins, have almost as much to do with the general effect as the very illuminations themselves. The long *galerie des glaces*, where the ball was to take place, was so full of light, that each of its seventeen windows was as white as the opened door of a furnace, and the rays shot out through the glass as though the *salon* was full of burning with brilliance. The whole of the gardens and every avenue were decked with coloured lamps, some arranged in masses, others sprinkled about, straggling into the branches, lighting up statues, or making a necklace of jewels round the edges of the fountains. Extending for many hundred feet in front of the Palace, and encircling the grand terrace, was a high wall of green lamps, placed closely together, so that they formed a compact emerald screen, whose upward edge was as it were surmounted by a richly-carved cornice of dead gold, for a thick band of yellow glasses ran along the top, following the rich design and standing out in rich contrast from the dark background of trees. Master Aladdin himself never saw such a crop of jewels as those that seemed to grow on this glittering hedge. The entrance to this palace of light was formed of five immense triumphal arches, built in the style of Louis the Fifteenth's time, over which fluttered countless banners and flags.

The two immense basins of water seen distinctly from the terrace, had been arranged with decorations so wonderfully beautiful and effective, that we were at first puzzled to find out what had been done to render them so lustrous and magnificent. Globes of ground glass, hidden under the marble edging, cast a silver radiance on the rippling surface, whilst red lights reflected deep ruby stains into the clear water, and also lit up the armed tritons and bronze figures of the fountains. The dolphins around threw up their streams of water, which, falling amongst a cluster of different coloured lamps, broke up into showers of sparkling jewels, or formed a thin mist on which rested all the tints of the rainbow.

At half-past nine o'clock, the sounds of trumpets and the firing of cannon announced the arrival of the Queen. The crowd without, delighted with the *fête*, cheered her Majesty as kindly as if they were thankful to her for having been the cause of it. As the Royal party left their carriages, the drums beat, the air was filled with the shouts of "Present arms," and followed by the rattle of the drawing of swords.

The Empress had determined upon seeing all the beauties of this beautiful *fête*. She had insisted upon coming, despite the entreaties of the Emperor and the Court physicians. Leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, with her beautiful eyes sparkling with pleasure, she followed after the Queen and the Emperor, and the whole party ascended the grand staircase, disturbing the heavy perfumed air that hung over the beds of hot-house plants on each side of the marble steps.

Followed by the brilliantly attired Court, they passed through the different apartments of the Palace, some hung with blue silk, and others with azure velvet, and all decorated with garlands of sweet-scented flowers.

The *galerie des glaces* it had been found to be impossible to render more beautiful than it is. The richly painted ceiling, the golden and marble pillars and cornices, and immense looking-glasses, were left untouched, but around the flooring a garden of flowers, thick as pile upon velvet, had been arranged, from which the heat of the rooms almost distilled their perfumed essences. Chandeliers supporting a forest of wax lights hung from the ceiling.

As if to rival the illuminations in the gardens, the ladies of the Court had covered themselves with diamonds, that made their forms almost appear luminous as they sparkled with the movements of the body. The gorgeous uniforms of the officers present, and the gay colours of the dresses, made the inside of the Palace almost as full of brilliancy as the grounds filled with their thousand tinted globes.

THE FIREWORKS.

The fireworks were magnificent. The spot from whence they were let off was situated at the edge of an immense piece of water, called the *Eau des Suisses*. Illuminated boats and gondolas floated in the water, so that so large a space should not be left unornamented. At a given signal, a thousand lines of fire dart through and light up the air, screaming and crackling in their ascent; and in the water beneath are seen reflected the same streaks of flame, piercing as it were into the centre of the earth. In every direction brilliantly coloured specks of light float in clusters in the dark space above. Wheels revolve, throwing out feathery showers of golden sparks; the Royal initials make their appearance suddenly in corners, and illumine all around with their brilliance, and, finally, a cloud of rockets rush up to the heavens, and, as the smoke is swept away by the night wind, Windsor Castle is seen with the Royal standard floating from the round tower, and the noble crowd applaud and shout "Vive Victoria!" with the most unfashionable enthusiasm.

Supper was served in the theatre of the Palace, the pit having been boarded over for the purpose. But during the dancing refreshments were handed round, and the ices were pronounced to be the very best renovators of strength after the fatigues of waltzing.

Of course her Majesty and everybody danced—excepting the poor Empress, who was closely guarded by a body of fierce, hard-hearted physicians. A Royal quadrille was formed, in which none but the very purest of Royal blood were allowed to take part. The orchestra, hidden behind screens of flowers, arranged in the four corners of the *salon*, played, with the most unrelenting perseverance, pieces composed expressly for the evening, such as the "Welcome Quadrille," and the "Prince of Wales' Polka."

After their Majesties had left the Palace to go and sleep off at St. Cloud the fatigues of pleasure-taking, the dancing was resumed and continued until a late hour on Sunday morning.

SUNDAY.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family passed the Sabbath in family retirement, attending divine service in the morning. In the afternoon Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the Emperor's uncle, called at St. Cloud to pay his respects to her Majesty. His Highness, who is suffering from illness, came up expressly from Havre to do honour to his nephew's Royal guest, and welcome her to France.

MONDAY.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL GUESTS.

To-day the Queen quitted Paris, her departure being even more glorious and complimentary than her entry. The cheers that greeted her as she

slowly rode down the Boulevards on her way to the railway station, were caused as much from regret at her leaving, as from the delight of gazing upon her form.

When she quitted St. Cloud she found the roads leading to Paris almost blocked up with the kind-hearted people who had flocked to say farewell, and wish her a prosperous voyage. On the Boulevards the mob was more numerous than even on the day she arrived. The housetops were as crowded as the roof of a stand on a race-course; every window had forms bending from it, and the balconies were crowded with ladies dressed in the most fascinating toilets. Servants and work-girls carrying chairs, which they had brought out with them, were hunting about in all directions for a favourable place to see the passing procession and obtain a peep at *ce beau Prince Albert*.

Since the Queen has been in Paris, the principal shopkeepers have been in a perpetual state of excitement, expecting to be honoured with orders from her Majesty. They have kept themselves in full dress expecting the Royal visit. But the Prince of Wales is the only one of the noble visitors who has as yet favoured any of the *magasins* with his custom. Whilst the Queen was at the Tuileries on Friday last, the young Prince, accompanied by his tutor, took a walk in the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, and returned home laden with purchases. The consequence is, that there are already several *fournisseurs* to the *Cour d'Angleterre*. One pretends that a pot of pomatum was had at his shop, another that he sold a pair of boots and a pot of blacking, and a third that he received orders for a complete set of harness.

On arriving at the Tuileries, her Majesty found the Empress, the Ministers, and the *corps diplomatique* waiting to take leave of her. After the last presentations had taken place, and the last adieu had been made, the procession set out on its triumphant way.

The roadway was, as when the Queen arrived, guarded on one side by soldiers of the line, and on the other by the troops of the National Guard.

When the *cortège* appeared on the Boulevards the cries and shouts rose up amidst the beating of drums and the sounds of clarions. Everywhere the soldiers presented arms, and general officers in grand uniform galloped up and down the line.

The procession was headed by a detachment of carabineers, followed by their band playing the national air of England. General Renault, mounted on a white charger, and followed by his *état-major*, accompanied the troops.

Detachments of Chasseurs and Guides, with their bands, immediately preceded the carriages. The people were astonished when they saw, that, as a last mark of respect to the Queen, none but state carriages formed the procession. They were all drawn by six horses, and accompanied by outriders in the richest gold-embroidered liveries.

The imperial carriage in which her Majesty rode was one large mass of gilding and sculpture. The eight horses which drew it were neatly covered with the gold ornaments on their harness. The postillions and grooms leading the prancing animals were dressed in the richest possible costume.

Her Majesty was dressed in a travelling costume of plain silk. Through the glass panels of the coach, she could see the vast multitude around her.

The railway station was decked out with the same decorations as the carriage which were there when her Majesty came to Paris. The same persons who had received tickets to witness the arrival were also permitted to witness the departure.

The carriages which conveyed the Queen to Boulogne were those which belong to the Emperor, and are fitted up with great elegance and comfort.

As soon as the cannon announced the departure of her Majesty, workmen commenced taking down the different triumphal arches in the Boulevards. Before many hours had passed, the magnificent offering of the artists of the Opera was stripped of its painted covering, and became nothing but a wooden skeleton. The column erected by the artists of the Opera Comique had bit by bit its fluted sides taken off like bark, and its flower-beds dug up and carried away in a dirt cart. We saw the Royal coat of arms lying in a common wheelbarrow, nearly covered with old lamps; we beheld the statue of Justice trundled off in a bricklayer's truck, and the flags of the Allies furled up and lying in a pile, like so many rockets or railway signals.

Every possible honour has been showered on the Queen, to prove to her how welcome she was to France. Both she and the Emperor cannot fail to be delighted with the visit. The one because she has had an opportunity of seeing and mingling with the people of a great nation, and the other, because the presence of the English Queen in his capital has served to render his seat on the throne more secure, and to put to flight the hopes of those claimants who always reckoned upon British aid and influence to enable them to regain their lost royalty.

THE JOURNEY TO BOULOGNE.

The incidents which occurred from Paris to Boulogne differed very little from those which marked the Royal progress from Boulogne to the French capital. At each station there were the same flags, the same laurels and evergreens, only they looked very different after a week's exposure. But this was of minor consequence; for the Royal suite had seen them in all their glory; and their faded and dejected aspect harmonised to some extent with the feelings of the Queen on her departure from Paris. So far, there was a sort of sympathy between the outward and the inward, as, indeed, there generally is. On arriving at the Strasburg station, the Queen was received by Baron James Rothschild, M. Petier, M. Chozenski, and the authorities, municipal and military, who mustered in great numbers. Her Majesty received their courtesies with her wonted affability; but it was too obvious that the struggle was a severe one. The tears, which had coursed their way down her cheeks, had left their traces on her trifling visage, and showed to the people of Paris how deep was the sorrow of England's Queen at leaving their loved Empress Eugénie.

The Royal train left the Strasburg station at twenty minutes past twelve. On we went rapidly to Pontoise, where we found the troops and National Guards lining the road, and a small battery of artillery had been posted in a neighbouring field. The stoppage at Pontoise was but brief, as was also that at Clermont, the next station; but at Amiens, where we arrived at a quarter to three, the Queen alighted and partook of some refreshment; whilst the guns were firing, the bands were playing "God save the Queen," the mayor was making his speech, and the thirsty engine was taking his gulp of water. The Municipality had placed an inscription on the platform relative to the Peace of Amiens, and the mayor recalled the incident to her Majesty's recollection.

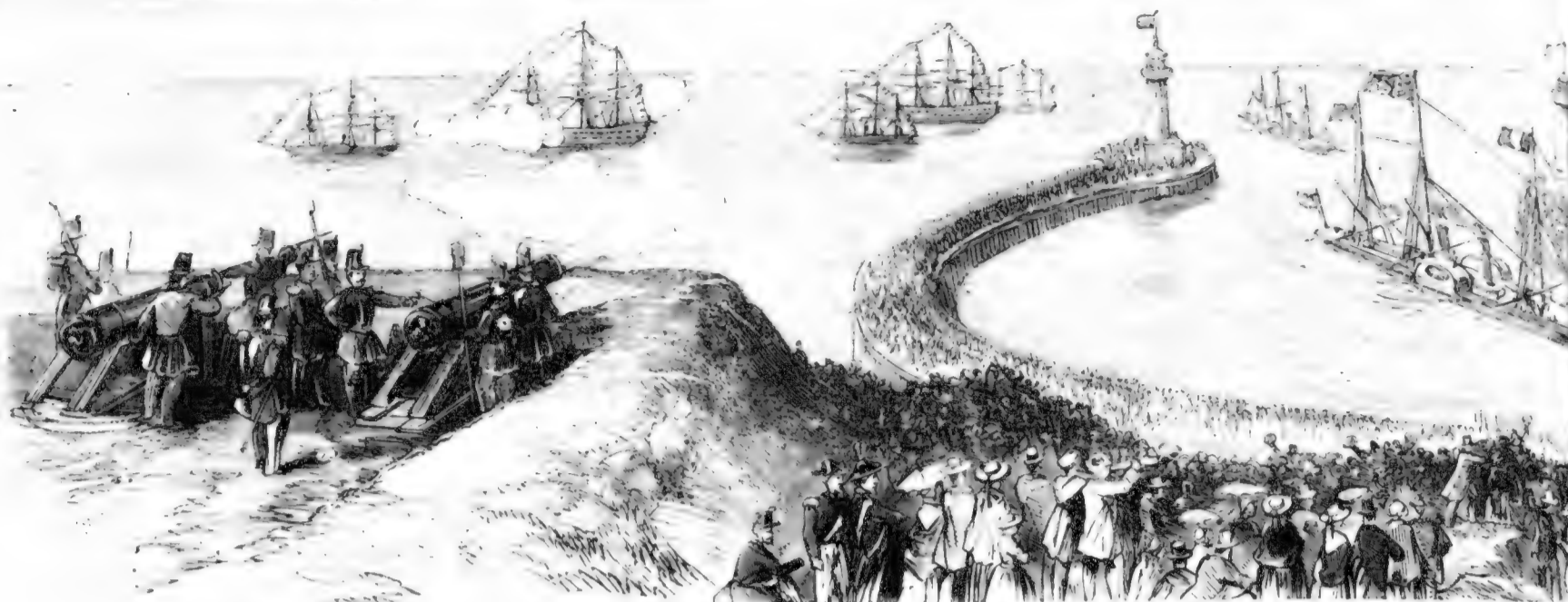
We remained for a quarter of an hour at Amiens, then went to Abbeville, then to Montreuil, immortalised by Sterne, passing by the Chateau of Picquigny, where our Tabor King signed another treaty of peace with France, and by the battle-field of Cressy, at which our Black Prince took John King of France prisoner, and led him captive to England; and at last we reached Boulogne at five minutes past five, having accomplished the 169 miles which separate Boulogne from Paris in four hours and three quarters, having travelled at the rate of 38 miles an hour, including stoppages—a speed which is rarely attained in France.

THE REVIEW OF THE TROOPS.

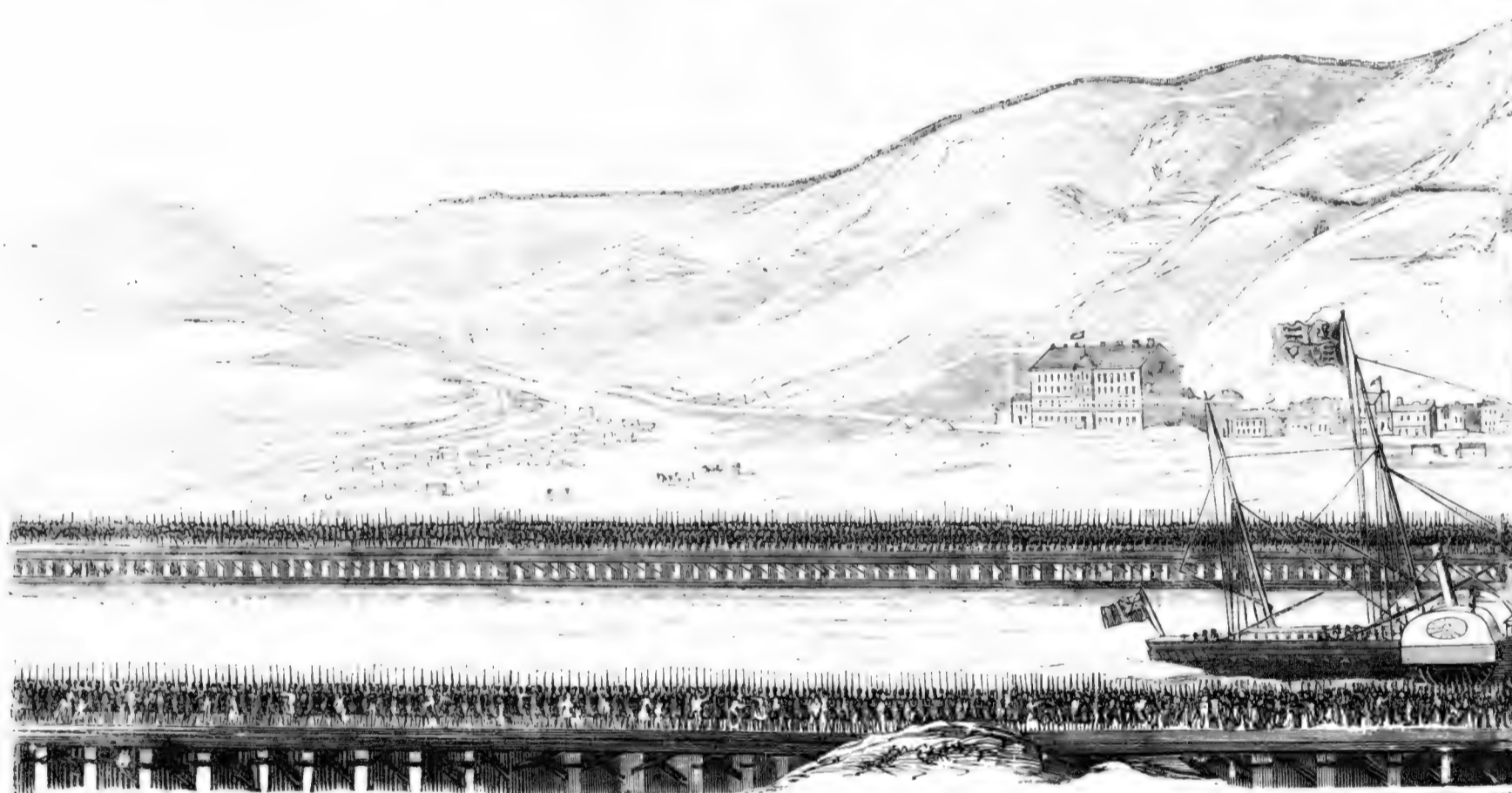
Immediately after the arrival at Boulogne, the Imperial and Royal party proceeded to review the troops encamped on the heights.

This military spectacle took place on the sands, and some 50,000 troops, chiefly infantry of the line, were reviewed for the amusement of the Royal guests. The Emperor, the Prince Napoleon, and Prince Albert, attended by their equerries, were present on horseback; while her Majesty, with the other members of the Royal family, accompanied to witness the spectacle from carriages. The Emperor and his guests took up their position amid a grand flourish of drums and trumpets. The review consisted only of the inspection and defile; but the tide being out, and the sands being dry, the troops were displayed to the greatest possible advantage, and had a superb appearance.

When the review was over, the Emperor took his illustrious guests to the camp at Honvaux, where they witnessed some practice with a new description of rocket. From that place they drove to the Camp at Ambleteuse, and night had fairly closed in before they returned to the Imperial Pavilion Hotel. Dinner was laid with thirty covers, and while it was proceeding Boulogne was brilliantly illuminated. About 11 o'clock the embarkation was safely effected amid the roar of guns from the fleet. A wonderful display of fireworks accompanied the departure, which took place without a single mischance.



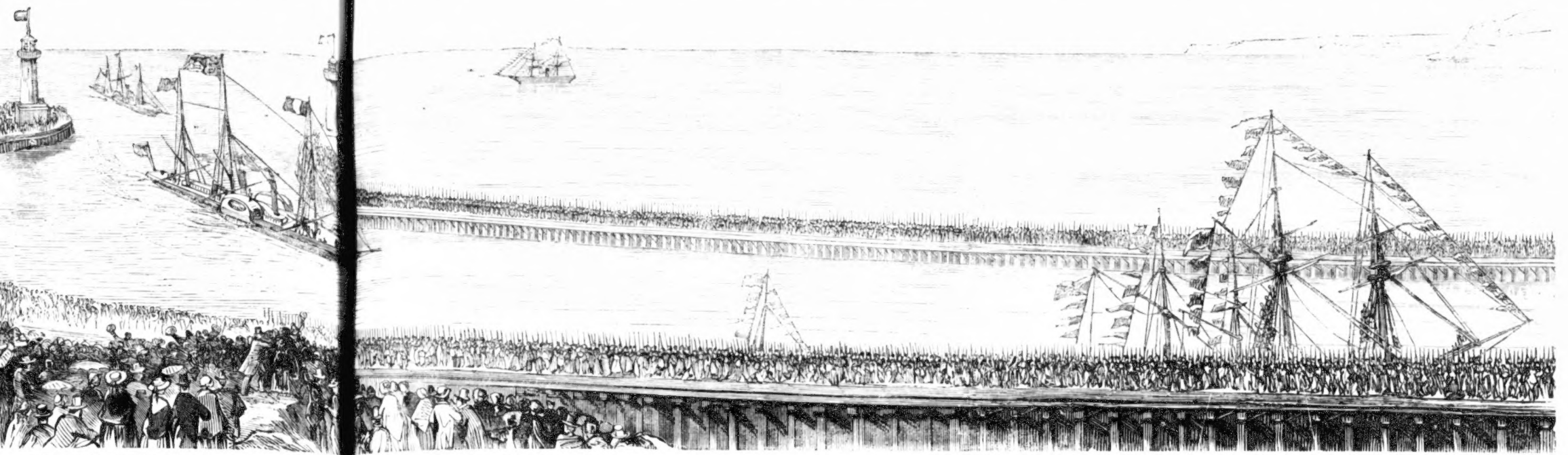
HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO FRANCE.—THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT ROYAL YACHT, ENTERING BOULOGNE HARBOUR.



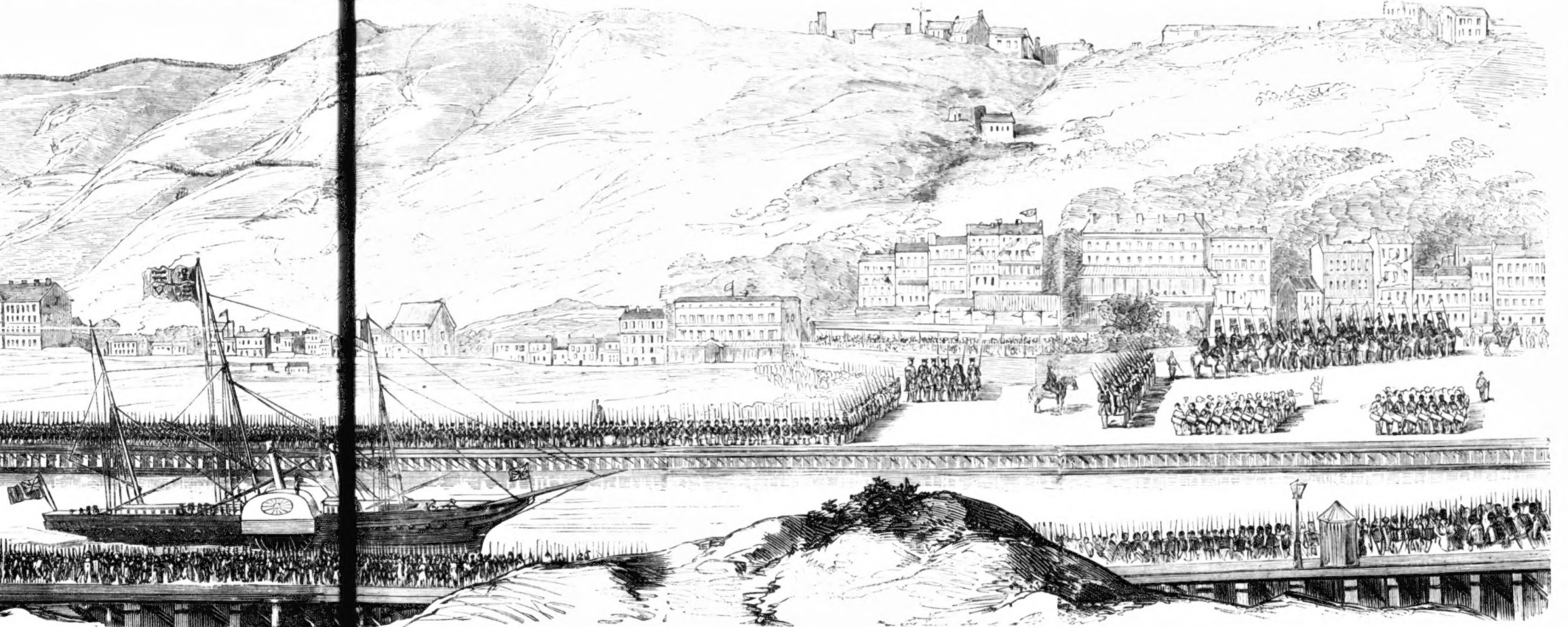
THE ROYAL YACHT ALONGSIDE THE QUAY, BOULOGNE HARBOUR.



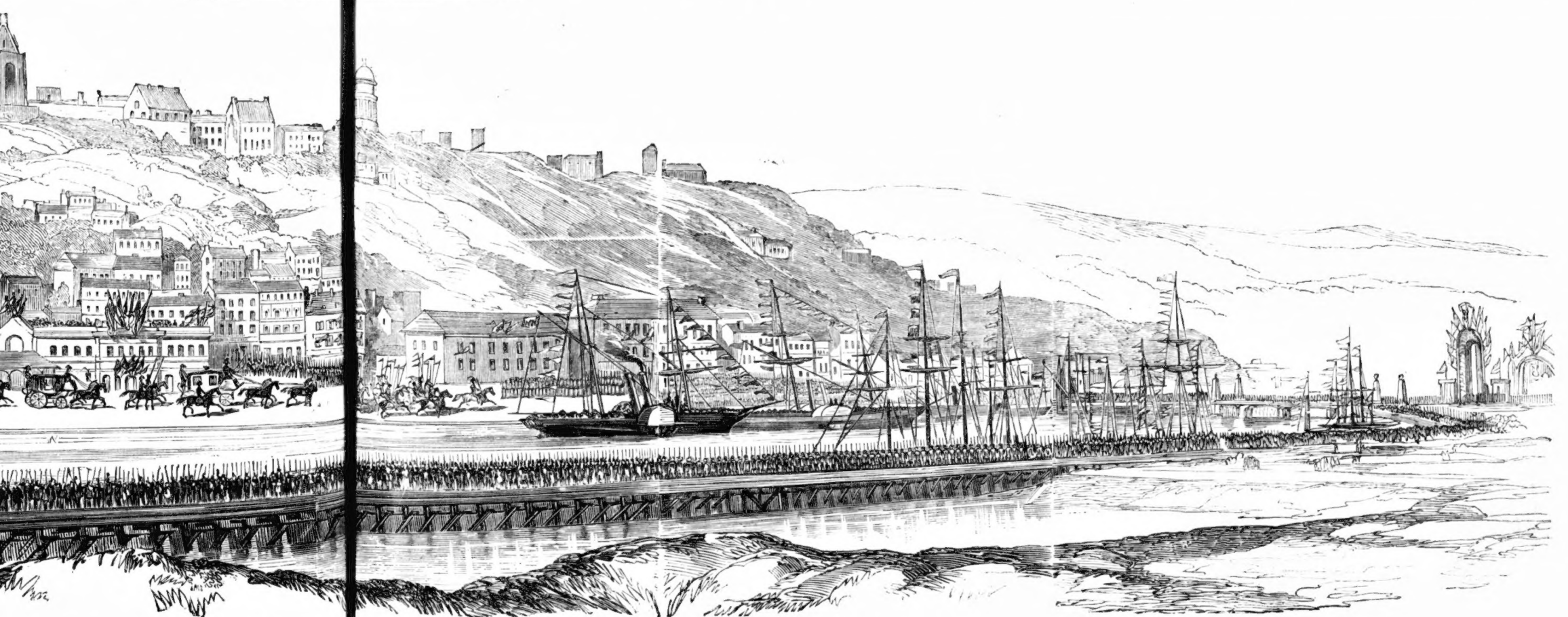
THE ROYAL PARTY PROCEEDING TO THE RAILWAY STATION, BOULOGNE.



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO FRANCE.—THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT, ROYAL YACHT, ENTERING BOULOGNE HARBOUR.



THE ROYAL YACHT ALONGSIDE THE QUAY, BOULOGNE HARBOUR.



THE ROYAL PARTY PROCEEDING TO THE RAILWAY STATION, BOULOGNE.

THE QUEEN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE CITY OF PARIS.

HER MAJESTY has expressed to the Prefect of the Seine, through Lord Clarendon, her Majesty's sentiments on occasion of the reception given to her by the City of Paris. The following is Lord Clarendon's letter:—

"St. Cloud, Aug. 24, 1855.
"Monsieur le Prefet.—The Queen orders me to express to you and the municipal corps, her sincere thanks for the fête given to her yesterday. The magnificence of the arrangements, the splendour of the edifice, and the courtesy of the numerous guests, have made an indelible impression on the mind of the Queen, and they will always be present to her memory as one of the most agreeable incidents of her visit to Paris.

"In replying to the address which the Queen received with so much satisfaction from the municipal corps, her Majesty has assured you, Monsieur le Prefet, that she could never forget the reception given to her by the inhabitants of Paris. She also desires to renew here the assurance of her deep gratitude for the very kind feeling she has everywhere met with during her passage, when visiting with her illustrious family and friend, the numerous edifices in which are collected in such profusion memorials attesting the success of the French nation in arts, sciences, and war.

"But the satisfaction and gratitude of the Queen are yet enhanced by the conviction that her own subjects take part in the benevolent manifestations of which she has been the object. She sees in them the ratification given by France to the alliance now existing, not merely between the two sovereigns, but between the peoples of the two countries. She is convinced that the two nations, who have learned mutually to appreciate each other in a war undertaken for a cause both just and equitable, and who are now no longer rivals, save for attaining the object they desire in common, will always remain united by the bonds of interests henceforth become inseparable. This union has been the ardent wish formed in the heart of the Queen, and her visit to the magnificent capital of France has inspired her Majesty with a profound personal interest in the welfare of this great nation.

"I profit by this opportunity to offer you, Monsieur le Prefet, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.
"CLARENDON."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—On the morning of the day of the Queen's arrival at Boulogne, and some time before the Royal squadron was sighted, his Imperial Majesty, accompanied by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, galloped up the heights for the purpose of having a better view. While his horse was standing quietly upon the most elevated ground within a very short distance of the overhanging cliffs, he permitted the reins to hang loosely upon the animal's neck, his hands being occupied holding a double opera-glass to his eyes. While the Emperor's attention was wholly absorbed with the contemplation of the Royal yacht, which, in the distance, he saw approaching, and while at the same time he was conversing with the Marshal on the subject, he was aroused to a sense of the most imminent danger by the sudden movement of his horse, who made a violent leap across a narrow trench which some labouring men were cutting in the front of where he stood. The Emperor having allowed his hat to fall off, and thrown the glass to the ground, seized the bridle with both hands, and most providentially, by his cool presence of mind and his main strength, was enabled to arrest the violent career of his horse, and to pull him back almost upon his haunches, when within but a few feet of the yawning gulf beneath.

THE HEALTH OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The public will, no doubt, have remarked that the Empress Eugenie has taken but little part in the public festivities celebrated last week in Paris. For this care of her Majesty's health there is every reason to believe that there is a most satisfactory cause; and, indeed, it is known that Queen Victoria was most anxious and pressing in her kind advice to the Empress to observe every precaution on which so important a future may depend.

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.—Her Majesty, during her recent visit to the French capital, presented General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon with the grand cross of the military order of the Bath—a decoration which can only be conferred on foreigners for eminent military services.

ONE MORNING, while her Majesty was at St. Cloud, whether by clever premeditation or fortunate accident, the Emperor caught sight of a Voltigeur of the Imperial Guard, who had lost his leg before Sebastopol and been otherwise severely wounded. The still suffering soldier was making his way forward on crutches when the Emperor advanced to meet him, and, taking off the Cross of the Legion of Honour which he wore, transferred it to the poor fellow's breast. All who witnessed the spectacle were much affected by it—most of all the "decoré" himself.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE MART.—"As for the Royal children," says the Paris correspondent of a London paper, "they have become quite a passion, especially with the Parisian ladies, who are proverbially fond of children; and the Princess Royal is now a point of contemplation, in calculating the horoscope of Europe. She is rapidly becoming a young woman, and consequently all the quindines are busy in endeavouring to find a husband for her. Some talk of the King of Portugal, and when reminded of the insuperable objection on the score of religion, point to the King of the Belgians, and laugh in the lightest Parisian fashion. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, who is a fine, well-grown German, has been also most attentive; and Prince Napoleon has been mentioned; but of course it is all gossip, and merely mentioned here to show that her Royal Highness's future destiny is beginning to find a place in the thought of politicians."

The Sphinx.

CHARADE.

BEING THE WONDERFUL FAIRY TALE OF THE QUEEN OF THE ISLAND AND THE EMPEROR'S GOOD GENIUS.

I.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Queen,
(Of a Fairy Race some thought her;) And she reign'd o'er an island, which so was call'd,
'Cause it stood in the middle of the water.
Her husband made hats, while she won hearts,
From ev'ry class and quarter,
For beloved by all was this pretty little Queen,
Of the Isle in the middle of the water.

Just across the sea was a blooming realm,
Of the Earth the fairest daughter;
Which, unlike that isle in the cool north seas,
Was always in the hottest of water.
The King rein'd tight, the people shou'd fight,
They were always at rows and slaughter;
And the monarch he envied the happy little Queen,
Of the Isle in the middle of the water.

Now the story runs (of its truth I own
Myself a staunch supporter),
That an oracle told the king that his land
From strife would enjoy no quarter,
Till he'd luv'd as a guest from her sea-girl nest,
(Where to stay her subjects taught her),
To his Capital town the fairy little Queen
Of the Isle in the middle of the water.

So by night and by day, (as the vulgar say),
He wou'd "like bricks and mortar,"
To induce her a trip to take in a ship
To his agitated side of the water,
A blessing to bring on his land; and the king
At length by persuasion caught her,
But she stopp'd at my first—go no further durst
The Queen of the Isle in the water!

II.

Years have fled,
The old king is dead,
An Emperor governs the land in his stead;
(A gentleman fam'd for a very long head),
Things go on much better, the land may be said
To be quiet and happy; the people are fed;
The city has grown
From mud to stone;
The monarch seems pretty well fix'd on his throne;

But still there's a something, an undefin'd dread,
(As you feel when the sides of Vesuvius you tread,
Or the thickest of ice o'er a troubled stream's bed),
And the Emperor shakes his mysterious head,
Recalling the words the old oracle said:

"We shall never be right,
(I mean to say quite),
Till the Queen of the Island accepts an invite
Of our capital city to gladden the sight—
I must win her over by arts, black or white."

Many a spell the Emperor tried,
But the spell on the Queen was stronger,
That kept her chain'd to her ocean strand,
And he felt for the blessing upon his land—
He must "wait a little longer."

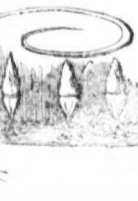
And his heart was heavy and sore with pain,
When he knew his efforts and hopes were vain,
That to no result he puzzled his brain,
And schem'd, and plann'd, and reckon'd.
And this was ever his mournful strain:—
"The Queen of the Island to dischain,
And win her to visit my fair domain,
Oh! that I could but the power obtain
Of some good—what? my second."

III.

Not long he waited; to his aid
There came a beautiful blue-eyed maid,
With skin as marble fair;
An open brow devoid of guile,
A Hebe's form, an infant's smile,
And golden sunny hair.
She said, "Thy guardian spirit I
Will be; all ill thou may'st defy
Beneath my magic care."
She took his hand, and led him through
Strange scenes of life, as fair as new;
The sun shone brighter to his view
Than it before had shone.
She taught him wondrous magic arts,
By which to open human hearts,
And make their wealth his own.
She wove a spell around his life,
To guard it from the assassin's knife.
She banish'd, with a look, the strife
His land till then had known.

"T is well," he cried, "t is more than well,
Yet thou must work a crowning spell—"
She answer'd with a smile,
And mounting in a fairy car,
She sail'd across the ocean far,
And reach'd the sea-girl isle.
Her gentle magic power she threw
About the Island Queen—(Ah! who
Such charms could e'er resist?)
The spell was broken in a trice:
The chain was sever'd—thaw'd the ice,
Her cheek the lady kiss'd.
And spoke in terms of rapture free:—
"Thou lovely sprite, I'll follow thee,
If, as thou say'st, it lies in me
To bless thy fairer land."

Oh, rare the feasting—will the glee!
The Island Queen has cross'd the sea!
The oracle is now fulfill'd;
Discord, henceforth, for aye is still'd—
The town hath seen her face.
All honour to the gentle fay,
But for whose winning charms, they say,
This ne'er had taken place.
Long may she o'er us live to sway
Her sceptre wand of flow'rs and gay.
"Who sees she?"—That's for you to say.
Tegastus here (in want of hay)
Abruptly checks his pace.



REBUS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.
Poetry.—Poe-Try.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

"Children and fools should not see things half finished."
(Children and fools; shoed knot; sea things; ½ finished.)

THE SWISS GALLANTS AND IMPREUDENT MARRIAGES.—The Grand Council of the canton of Zug recently adopted certain measures against what it chose to call imprudent marriages. Some degree of agitation was caused by the proceeding; and when the Grand Council assembled to vote the second reading, about four hundred young bachelors, obliged to assume a menacing attitude in defence of themselves and their sweethearts, assembled before the hall where the sitting was held, and by their demonstrations so intimidated the council that it referred the measure for amendment to a committee, which, of course, is tantamount to its rejection.

A MALE THIEF IN FEMALE ATTIRE.—A German, known as Maria Brown, was lately brought before a Manchester magistrate. There was no special case against him, but the police had been in search of him, by description, for picking pockets in omnibuses, nearly two months. He wore a white straw bonnet, trimmed with white sarsnet ribbon outside, and having a false cap with artificial flowers inside. The dress was of brown stuff, with black silk mantle. The boots were of cloth, and he carried a parasol. His hair is black, and of great length, and dressed according to the latest fashion. The breast being well padded, and the beard and whiskers well kept down by means of pomice-stone and prepared chalk, the make-up was good, and ninety-nine persons out of a hundred might be excused suspecting the sex. The magistrate directed that a proper suit of clothes should be provided.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE visit to Paris is over, Majesty is returned, excursionists are back in Bloomsbury, regretting the money that has been expended, and throwing Mauchausen into the shade by their wonderful account of what they saw and did. The sketches jotted down by "our own artists," have been elaborated on wood, and are now in the engraver's hands, and the "special reporters" having done their work (and done it well, too), are now glorifying in their Paris-purchased apparel, and looking down with pity on untravellers men. They must have been great, these said "special reporters," in the discharge of their functions. With a foreseeing policy, the Emperor caused all representatives of the English press to be provided with a card giving them the *entree* to every portion of the week's ceremonial, the grand ball at the Hotel-de-Ville not excepted. But to be present at this ball it was necessary to go in full dress—court dress, as it you please! (that pleasant and fantastic costume which we see easily sliding the limbs of our country gentlemen on levee days in St. James's Street), so accordingly thither went M'Mull, who "represented" one morning journal, and O'Kinalan, who "reported" for another, decked out in plum-coloured velvet, in silk stockings, and in bag-wigs! Verily, that must have been a great sight! I would give much to see their letters to those journals of their native towns of which they are the London correspondents! The Editor of the "Poldoody Oyster" will search through the dictionary for the largest words in which to draw attention to the "contributions of our talented townsman," and how the old tradesman who keeps the chandler's shop, and post-office in Poldoody, and is father of the said "talented," &c., will brag of his son having sat at supper, "foremost of the Imperial himself, bedad!" How fired by their brother's descriptions, the Misses M'Mull (of Arbroath), will twist and torture their sandy locks, and strive to dress them "ah lampyatreecree!" And more than all, (were I not afraid of denigrating my carefully stiffened shirt collar, and of being impregnated with vile tobacco) what would I give to steal into the sanded parlour of the Pig and Whistle, in the Strand, and listen to these eloquent reporters, who are looked upon with awe and reverence by the other frequenters of the room, laying down the law, and explaining continental politics and manners to their attentive audience! They are back in England once more, however; the excitement is over; and a dull season, devoid of stirring incident, lies before them. Now must the "enormous gooseberry" be cultivated, and the "shower of frogs" carefully looked after; now shall we hear of "whales driven ashore," and of "the great sea-serpent again." All these miracles are sure to happen, for must not the penny-a-line's diurnal porter be earned, and his tobacco unfailingly supplied?

When is something definitive going to be done about Austria? Is she to be for us or against us? or continue in that pleasant state of neutrality which she at present enjoys? By the way, what is neutrality? An elixir has been issued by the Austrian authorities, which states that every individual found tampering with Austrian soldiers, or with any persons subject to military regulations, with a view of inducing them to join the Anglo-Italian Legion, will be treated according to military law! Now, having lived some time in Austria myself, I wish to put as a calm and considerate question, what classes of people are not "subject to military regulation" there?

The country is in good spirits about the war question. That Tchernomir affair was much more serious for the enemy than we at first supposed, and a sentence in a despatch therefrom, written by the Emperor of the French to General Pelissier, in which he states that, from excellent information, he knows that the Russians will be unable to stand the coming winter, has been universally read, and commented on with great delight.

Apocryph of the Crimea, I have heard several men just returned thence talking of Mr. Russell, the "Times" correspondent, and always with the highest praise and kindness. He appears known to everyone as "Billy Russell," the name by which he always went in London, and by his good humour, talents, and gentlemanly conduct, has made himself an immense favourite. At first, the prejudice against "these newspaper fellows," ran high, and, finding he was not to be bullied out of his duties, certain officers thought to laugh him out of them, and, inviting him to dinner, invented the most plausible stories and military *canards* expressly for his edification, hoping that he would jot them all down and transmit them to Printing House Square. Russell, however, perfectly knew his men, and this style of attack was soon discontinued.

That intensely interesting body of men, the British Archaeological Association, has been holding its meetings in the Isle of Wight, and, after skimming the reports in the daily papers, I have come to the conclusion that an ordinary spectator would have been wonderfully edified. He would have heard that "the price of Kentish rag-stone in 1283 was from 7s. 8d. to 11s. 7d. a boat load," that Seti the Second, the old play-fellow and reputed cousin of Moses, was addicted to intemperance; that the death of the Princess Elizabeth was "accelerated by a cold caught while playing at bowls—a sport in which she much delighted;" and other matters of vital importance. Is it not wonderful that in this nineteenth century, old fogies are to be found, who, year after year, make long journeys to hear such dreary lectures and see such dreary antiquities? There is, however, a reverse to this medal; some people say that chickens' wings and champagne, and not old bones and jaw, are the attractions to many of the members!

The philanthropic ladies of the time want looking after. A gentle depresso, a little moral soda-water, as it were, should be administered to calm down their outbursts. Thus a lady writes to Mrs. Sidney Herbert, to know what testimonial would be most gratifying to Miss Nightingale, a lady whom we must all respect and admire in no small degree, and Mrs. Herbert answers that a hospital, to be under Miss Nightingale's directions, and conducted on her peculiar principles of unpaid nursing, would be the only testimonial she would accept. These letters, published in very large type in the "Times," attracted attention, and drew forth a very sensible communication from a third person, stating that there were already twelve hospitals in London, two thirds of which were dependant on voluntary contributions, and were often in the greatest want of money. Judging from the frequently advertised appeals this must be true; and we should be careful, therefore, lest, in our zeal for novelty, we turn the tide of our benevolence from those channels which have already proved most efficacious in administering seasonable relief.

Of course you know Sir John Paul is once more at large. I saw him on Tuesday walking in Leicester Square, and the thought struck me that perhaps he might be going into Mr. Wyld's Globe, to select a nice country to retire to, or perhaps to question the geographical lecturer as to the salubrity of Norfolk Island!

Some of your contemporaries, feeling the lack of intelligence, have enlarged on the virtue and position of the late Mr. Colburn. He was simply a good man of business, and a clever publisher, for he is believed to have carried on, to a large extent, that noble system of receiving money from rich and titled fools for producing their works. A noble system truly. Editor of the "Illustrated Times," would you not like me to send you a weekly sum for your kindness in publishing my *facileitron*?

AN ENGLISH DANSEUSE IN HUNGARY.—Miss Thompson, the pretty *artiste* from the Haymarket theatre, while lately in Pesth, made herself mistress of the "Czardas," the national dance of Hungary; and, wishing to pay a proper deference to the feelings of the country in which she danced, gave orders that a dress should be prepared displaying the national colours. The tailor, however (for in these regions the modists are represented by men), informed her that he dare not make such a dress, as it was strictly forbidden by law. Accordingly, it was decided that the green should be left out, and she appeared in white and red. She determined, however, not to be beaten, and upon her arrival in Temesvar donned a green sash, provided on purpose. With this she appeared in a true Englishwoman's spirit, in spite of the remonstrances of the police. On her return to Pesth a gendarme was appointed expressly to watch her on the stage, who, after remonstrating in vain, threatened to remove her by force. As the menace would actually have been carried into effect, Miss Thompson was forced to take off her sash, but carried in its stead, to the disgust of the officials, a bouquet, whose predominant colour was green, thus exhibiting to the audience their much-loved national colours—white, green, and red.

THE UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, JULY, 1855.
 Having before the General Meeting the Annual Balance Sheet and Accounts, the Directors congratulate the members upon the steady and continuous success which has attended their operations. These accounts show in detail the operations of the Society, including all Payments and Receipts during the year ending the 30th of June, 1854, and the amount of new business effected during that year and the amount terminating upon the day on which this meeting was held.

In the year ending 1854, policies to the amount of £1,141,719 7s. 6d. became claims, by reason of the deaths of the insured, and this sum (together with £33,573 5s. 9d. which was paid by the Society. Policies, insuring for the sum of £28,995, were also surrendered by the insured, and purchased by the Society for the sum of £5,289 10s. 6d. On the other hand, 609 new policies, insuring for the sum of £1,141,719 7s. 6d., were granted at an annual premium of £1,141,719 7s. 6d., making an increase in the insurances in the year of £78,250 4s. 8d.

The large amount of policies discontinued, the entire amount deposited became the property of the Society.

During the present year (for which the accounts are not yet made up) the details, whether as regards the operations of the Society, or the mortality which has existed among its members, will not, the Directors believe, be found to differ from those of the preceding year. An extensive new business has been transacted, although not in the same amount as in the former year—a fact fully accounted for by the pressure of the war. The new policies issued in the year ending 30th June, 1855, at an annual premium of £9,335 0s. 1d. These are, however, of annuity policies, of which 46 have been issued, and the annual sums, immediate or contingent, to the extent of £1,026 18s. 11d., in consideration of the payment of £1,141,719 7s. 6d. In the preceding year, the corresponding amounts were £1,644 13s. 6d., and £18,006 9s. 3d.

During the two years over which the present report is made, new insurances, therefore, have been effected for the sum of £588,752 17s. 5d., at an annual premium of £1,026 18s. 11d., and annuities granted for the sum of £1,141,719 7s. 6d., for a consideration of £33,548 16s. 2d.

The present year not being one in which a bonus is to be declared, a valuation of the contingent liabilities under insurances of annuity contracts has been entered into, but even without such a valuation, the Board are of opinion that the accounts are such as to speak for themselves, and assure the policyholders of the stability and prosperity of the Office.

On the 30th of June last, the policies in force were 8,150, insuring £5,402,075 19s. 1d., for the whole duration of life (including bonuses already declared), and 383 for short periods and upon special contracts, the total possible liabilities on all classes being £5,621,567 6s. 3d. This amount represents, in effect, an aggregate of 7,659 separate contracts, each being the number of the assured lives, of which many, being contingent only, can never become claims; and the residue will become payable during an extended period, commencing with the present time, and reaching beyond the limits of the 19th century. On the other hand, the accumulated capital is no less than £2,195,271 7s. 11d.; and, in addition, the Society possesses an income arising from premiums, interest, and dividends on moneys in the public funds of £37,444. It must be obvious to any man of business acquainted with these figures (although not possessing the technical skill of an actuary), that they not only guarantee the security of the concern, but present a considerable margin of profit to parties holding policies for the whole duration of life, the only class entitled to share in such profit.

In making this Report, the Board are desirous to impress upon the members, that in a purely Mutual Insurance Office like the Norwich Union, the interest of every insurer is directly dependent upon its general prosperity, and that it is to the efforts of their co-insurers that they, the Directors, look for support and assistance. Unaided by the general body, the most careful management and energetic agency can be only partially successful. In a proprietary company, it is usually compulsory upon the shareholders to maintain the business of the office, but for this the insured pays heavily in the periodical divisions of profits. In a mutual office, the Policyholders are themselves the Shareholders, and, receiving the entire profits, should, as a natural consequence, exert each his individual interest for the benefit of all. In the present case, the insurers may safely recommend their own company; and, as an additional motive for exertion, the Directors would remind the members, that all persons insuring before the 30th of June, 1856, will participate in the division of the following year, and, in every successive division, benefit to the extent of one year's appropriation over those who may effect insurances subsequent to that date.

ROBERT JOHN HARVEY, President.
 Chief Offices—Surrey Street, Norwich, and 6, Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

THE ASYLUM LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

72, Cornhill, London. Established 1824.
 DIRECTORS.
 Chairman.—JOHN CLARKE WHITEHEAD, Esq.
 JOHN HARVEY ASTELL, Esq.
 WILSON ELLIS, Esq.
 WILSTADT FERRERS, Esq.
 GEORGE PALMER, Esq.
 MANLEY HOPKINS, Resident.
 Policies on Healthy and Diseased Lives, at Home and Abroad, for Civil, Military, and Naval Employments.
 The only Office on purely Proprietary principles, involving therefore no Partnership among Policy-Holders.
 For Prospectuses, Proposal Papers, &c., apply to
 MANLEY HOPKINS, Resident Director.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Empowered by special Act of Parliament, 15 and 16 Vict., c. 100. Capital, One Million.
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 Deputy-Chairman.—G. B. HARRISON, Esq., 24, Gt. Tower St.
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 G. Clive, Esq.
 T. Clive, Esq.
 BANKERS.—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., Lombard Street; Messrs. Ransome and Co., Pall Mall East.
 SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Rooper, Birch, Ingram, and Whately, 68, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

This Company grants insurance tickets for single or double journeys, or for excursions, which can be obtained at all the principal Railway Stations, and also periodical insurances to cover the risk of fatal accidents while travelling in any class carriage, on any railway in the United Kingdom, or on the continent of Europe, and insure compensation for personal injury in any railway accident in the United Kingdom only.
 To insure £1,000 at an annual premium of 20s.
 Ditto 200 ditto 5s.
 The premiums charged include the stamp duty, which is paid by the Company under its special Act of Parliament.
 WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.
 Railway Passengers' Assurance Office, 3, Old Broad Street, London.

PERSONS WANTING TO ASSURE,

before they do so are requested to inspect the List of Bonuses just declared by the LAW PROPERTY AND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 30, Essex Street, Strand, a copy of which will be sent to any applicant.
 EDWARD S. BARNES, Secretary.
 LOANS FROM £10 TO £1,000.
 NEW NATIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE AND LOAN COMPANY. Office hours from 9 to 6. THOMAS BARNES, Resident Secretary, 484, Oxford Street, Bloomsbury, London.

ATLAS FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

92, Cheapside, London. Established 1808.
 JOHN OLIVER HANSON, Esq., Chairman.
 WILLIAM GEORGE PRESCOTT, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
 Manufactories, Sugar Houses, Distilleries, Private or Public Warehouses, Ships building, Ships in Harbour, Houses, Furniture, Stock in Trade, &c., assured for the year, or any shorter period, on advantageous terms. The Rates of Premium will be found to assimilate with those of the principal London Offices.
 Reduction of Premium on Farming Stock and Implements to 3s. per cent. (except from Duty); the use of Steam Threshing Machines on Farms allowed without any extra charge.
 Allowance for the loss of Rent on Buildings rendered untenable by Fire, and Losses occasioned by Lightning will be paid.
 The Assured are entitled to participate in the Profits every fifth year.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
 The Income of this Branch for the year 1854, exceeded £183,000.
 The Investments for the Life Policy Holders amount to £1,565,551.
 The next valuation will be made at Christmas, 1859; and Policies effected before that date will participate in proportion to the time they may then have been in force.
 Rates and Proposals may be had at the office in London, or of any of the Company's Agents, who are authorised to report on the appearance of Lives proposed for Assurance.
 HENRY DESBOROUGH, Secretary.

BANK OF LONDON.

Opened, Wednesday, the 22nd ult. City Establishment, Threadneedle Street, (late Hall of Commerce). Charing Cross Branch, 275, West Strand.

BANK OF LONDON, Incorporated by Royal Charter.

Capital, £6,000,000.
 BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
 Chairman.—Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart., M.P., 25, Park Lane, and Marshfield Park, Sussex.
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 Henry Morris, Esq. (late of the Madras Civil Service), 25, Mark Lane, City.
 Sir Henry Muggelridge, Alderman and Sheriff of London, St. Andrew's Hill, City, and Streatham Common, Surrey.
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 Chief Cashier.—Mr. W. C. ROOPE.
 HEAD BANKING HOUSE.—THREEDNEEDLE STREET, (late the Hall of Commerce).
 CHARGING CROSS BRANCH.—450, WEST STRAND.
 PROPRIETARY.
 The Proprietary consists of Four Hundred Partners, whose names and addresses will be registered for public inspection at the Stamp Office before the opening of the Bank.

OPENING.

The Directors, having completed preliminary arrangements, the capital being fully subscribed, and the Charter of Incorporation obtained, announce to the public that they have commenced business operations both at their City and West End Establishments.

TERMS.

EVERY BRANCH OF LEGITIMATE BANKING BUSINESS will be undertaken.
 CURRENT OF DRAWING ACCOUNTS will be received, and if the balance shall not at any time during the half-year have been below £500, interest at the rate of £2 per cent. will be allowed, and if not below £200, interest at the rate of £1 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the minimum monthly balances.

MONEY WILL BE RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, at ten days' notice of withdrawal, at a rate of interest rising and falling with the Bank of England minimum rate of discount, being always £1 per cent. under such rate, but never to exceed £5 per cent. per annum.
 Prospectuses, with full particulars of terms, may be obtained at the Head Office in Threaneedle Street.
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The principal literary articles are—"The Sculpture at the Beaux-Arts," "Iron Removable Studios for Artists," "French Criticism on English Art," "British Artists, their Style and Character, No. 8—W. Hilton, R.A.," illustrated; "The Prizes of the Art-Union of London," "The Manufacture of British Serpentine," "The Paris Universal Exhibition," "Picture Dealers," &c., &c.

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MOST IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES of diabolical frauds in the almost universal adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, are revealed in the forthcoming (September) Number of the "Family Friend." The whole evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee is classified and arranged, so that all the facts bearing upon such article are carefully brought together, thus presenting to the mind a complete picture of the vast abominations practised. Those who prize their health, and wish to preserve it, will do well to read what is herein given for their information and guidance. Besides this vitally interesting subject, the "Family Friend" also contains "The Romantic Story of the Lady Ella, Foundress of the Looe Convent," "Aunt Martha's first and only Love," "The New House," "Criticism on Tennyson's new poem, 'Maud,' with extracts," "East Indian Slave Funeral," "Designs for the Work Table," "Pictures of Olden Manners—The Secret Chamber of Ingatstone Hall," "The Art of Dyeing and Scouring," so plain and practical that anyone can follow the directions; "Poetry, Enigmas, Charades," &c., and a mass of most useful and agreeable matter upon topics of every day interest.

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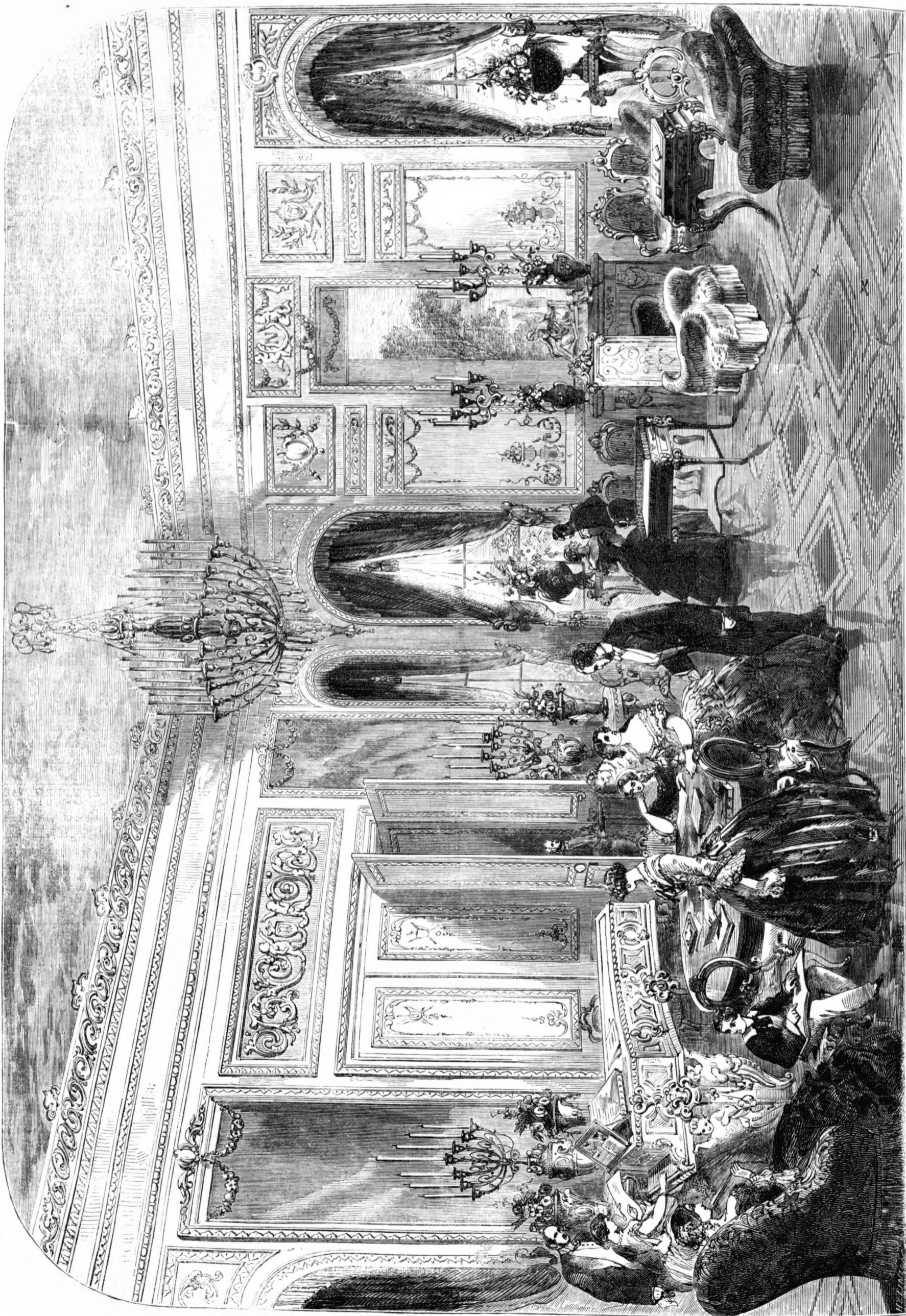
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THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT from

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